

KIRCHNER NUMBER: SPECIAL COLOURED PLATE

The Sketch.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,
AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

*N.B.—This is a **KIRCHNER NUMBER**!*

*That is to say, it contains a Beautiful
Picture in Colour by the Famous Artist,
RAPHAEL KIRCHNER.*



OLD CALABAR "MIDGETS"

DAINTY BISCUITS FOR PET DOGS AND PUPPIES.

Samples and Booklet free from
THE OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO., LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR
REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

Dinneford's Magnesia mixed with Spring Water forms a pleasant, cooling, and most beneficial drink in Hot Seasons and Climates, and also during Fever

LASCELLES & Co.

Fine-Art Photo-Mechanical Etchers & Engravers
IN
LINE, HALF-TONE, THREE-COLOUR, & PHOTOGRAVURE.

Speciality: Photogravure Etching, Both Flat and Rotary.
PROMPT SERVICE. QUALITY FIRST CLASS.

27, FLORAL STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.
Telephone: 1030 Regent. Telegrams: "Lasciata, London."

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

PUBLISHES THE

Best War Photographs and Drawings.

IT HAS CORRESPONDENTS IN ALL THE FIGHTING ZONES.

SIXPENCE EVERY FRIDAY.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

PRICE SIXPENCE; BY INLAND POST, SEVENPENCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



The 9.15 Up ❀ ❀

- Old Inhabitant:** "Morning. How goes it? Settled down yet? Found moving a rotten job, didn't you?"
- New Comer:** "Not a bit of it. Ella organised the whole show like a female Barnum."
- Old Resident:** "Still, no carpets, no blinds, pictures all over the place. Rather a picnic—what?"
- New Comer:** "My dear chap, you don't know Ella. Last night (*impressively*), last night—our first day in—everything was absolutely in its place, and dinner on the table at seven o'clock sharp!"
- Old Resident:** "You don't say!"
- New Comer:** "It's a fact—gas, you know."
- Old Resident:** "What's gas to do with it?"
- New Comer:** "Everything."
- Old Resident:** "Everything?"
- New Comer:** "I'll explain. We had the gas people in a week before we moved. They put the gas fittings up, fixed Gas Fires everywhere, a Gas Cooker, and a Gas Water-Heater."
- Old Resident:** "An all-gas house?"
- New Comer:** "Exactly. Then Ella sends over a few chairs and tables, and starts in with a charlady and a sewing-maid. They got a sewing-machine going and went at it hammer and tongs. Made and fitted curtains and blinds on the spot to every window in the house, hung all the pictures, and Ella stood over the man while he fixed the carpets. When the furniture arrived, all numbered, you know—everything dropped into its place."
- Old Resident:** "Regular Kitchener business! what? Rotten job, though, for your wife."
- New Comer:** "Not a bit of it. Ella said it was top hole. You see they had Gas Fires, hot water *ad lib*, and the gas on everywhere, although the house was empty; so it was quite all right. They had their meals too, decently, you know—not the usual sandwich-and-milk festival."
- Old Resident:** "You believe in gas?"
- New Comer:** "Sure. Where's the sense of paying coal bills, buying fire-irons, and having a servant to clean grates, carry coals, and lay fires when you can cut it all out by using gas? Why, we used to have three servants when we used coal, and we manage a lot better with two since we've used gas. That coal house in the new place makes a topping garage for my sidecar, by the way!"
- Old Resident:** "Sounds all right, but you've got to pay the gas bill."
- New Comer:** "Yes, but I don't pay a dollar more than I did the other way—don't forget I save one servant's wages and her keep beside the old coal bill—how's that?"
- Old Resident:** "Hum-m-m! I've half a mind—tell you what, do a round of golf with me on Saturday afternoon, and then show me how the thing works."
- New Comer:** "Right O! 2.30 sharp, and ask your wife to come to tea with Ella. She'd love to do the honours."
- Old Resident:** "It's a deal. Now, dry up, old man, and let's see what that chirpy Amsterdammer has to tell us about the Huns. He's always so dead sure we're getting them on the run!"

Left reading.

For Booklet on "Moving In" and all information regarding Gas Appliances, write to The British Commercial Gas Association, 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

M.71



The dominating characteristics of "LISTA" Pure Silk Shirts are:

Quality and Originality.

The Silk is the finest shirting loomed, and whether for Officers' Khaki Shirts or ordinary wear, cannot possibly be surpassed. ❀ ❀ ❀

Ask your Outfitter for Patterns, and look for "Lista" stamped on selvedge.

Wholesale only:
LISTER & Co., Ltd., Old Change, E.C.

Pretty Girls Take Carter's

Imperfect complexion is caused by a sluggish liver. A few days' treatment with **Carter's Little Liver Pills** will do more to clear the skin and restore the bloom of perfect health to the cheeks than all beauty treatments.

You will even be better looking by taking Carter's.

They cure Constipation, unclog the liver, end indigestion—biliousness and dizziness.

Harmless and purely Vegetable.
The Ideal Laxative for Children.



Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

The GENUINE must bear signature

Brent Good

COMFORT for the WOUNDED.

The irritation and soreness caused by
BED-SORES, CHAFING, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN, &c.,
can be quickly relieved by the application of

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE TOILET POWDER.



SOOTHING and EMOLLIENT. NON-ABSORBENT.

PRESCRIBED BY EMINENT SKIN DOCTORS. Prices from 1/-

Supplied to the Royal Family, European Courts, Nobility and Gentry.

JOHN TAYLOR, MANUFACTURING CHEMIST, 13, BAKER ST., London, W.

The Sketch

No. 1203—Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



PRETTY MRS. PRETTY: MISS KYRLE BELLEW, AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

The curious and amusing Australian play at His Majesty's Theatre is fortunate in having a heroine of exceptional charm and beauty, who is able to live up to the rather *exigent* title. For Mrs. Pretty, in "Mrs. Pretty and the Premier," is very pretty indeed, and by

her pretty face and pretty ways captivates the rugged Australian Premier, gets into and out of compromising situations with miraculous facility, and, in a word, rules the roast and comes out of a political crisis and a potential scandal with colours flying.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

THE CLUB - GIRLS : FAMOUS CLUBS AS REPRESENTED BY



1. THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB (MISS DARTON).

2. THE TRAVELLERS' CLUB (MISS COSTELLO).

3. THE MOTOR CLUB (MISS BROADWOOD).

7. THE SAVAGE CLUB (MISS BRITON).

8. THE ST. JAMES'S CLUB (MISS FORD).

9. A NIGHT CLUB (MISS STELLA).

No one who had enjoyed the humours of "Shell Out," at the Comedy Theatre, was surprised that it should pass into a Second Edition, even, perhaps, more brightly and daintily "illustrated" than the original. The new edition naturally necessitated new scenes, and of these none is more effective than the Club Girl scene.

BY FAIR LADIES IN "SHELL OUT," AT THE COMEDY.



4



5

6



10



11



12

4. THE PRESS CLUB (MISS GOODIE WILLIS).

5. THE UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB (MISS MARRIOT).

6. THE GARRICK CLUB (MISS EDGBERT).

10. THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB (MISS BIJOU).

11. THE NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB (MISS HARRINGTON).

12. THE JOCKEY CLUB (MISS VERE).

That the Club Girl is not very much akin to the Club Man of the Athenaeum type goes without saying, but she personifies in bright and attractive fashion clubs frequented by men of the world to whom the label Men About Town might be attached without any suggestion of "vine-leaves in the hair," or Vine Street in the small hours.

rather and Buys.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

PLACE AUX DAMES—SOME SUGGESTIONS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."



YOU don't mind, do you, *Camarades*, if for once I answer a few readeresses' letters first? It is all about "yous" really. How could it be otherwise? To begin with, congratulations to little Irene, who writes: "The nicest thing that ever was (in khaki, of course), and I read together *The Sketch* of Jan. 12" (forgive me, but I know several others who are also the nicest thing in khaki!); "he had leave then, and when we saw the picture 'Lucky Girl' one idea struck us simultaneously. 'Little girl-kins,' he said, you've got to have a black moiré bracelet with 'Irene' straggling over

it.' I said *yum-yum* and put my arms around his dear neck and gripped that dear little bunch of ribbons at his collar. For he is in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the Regiment in the army" (I know at least several others); "and you know the Flash they wear and why they really wear it, don't you? They tell one it is a relic of 'pig-tail' days—but it isn't really: it is so that when one wants to put one's arms round their necks and give them a welcome-back-to-England kiss one can grip the Flash with both hands to steady oneself." (Is that so, *Camarades*? Then why didn't you tell us before?—we can't guess things!)

"Phrynette dearie, he had to go back before he had time to hunt for the bracelet, but he told me to write to you and ask you where they could be bought. He said, 'Ask Phrynette, Childie; she's a sport, she'll tell you.' And, Phrynette, I want it in moiré and gold, not diamonds, 'cos it's war-time!"

"Would the sweet Miss Peto ever give us an R.W.F. man—back view to show his Flash that I hang on to. All the men in the Regiment would love it so." I should have put a paragraph between those two sentences I think! "They are so conceited about it—the dears!"

There now. All right, *Capitaine*, I'll tell little Irene where she can get the bracelet. I thought you might like to know over there—and congratulations to you both!

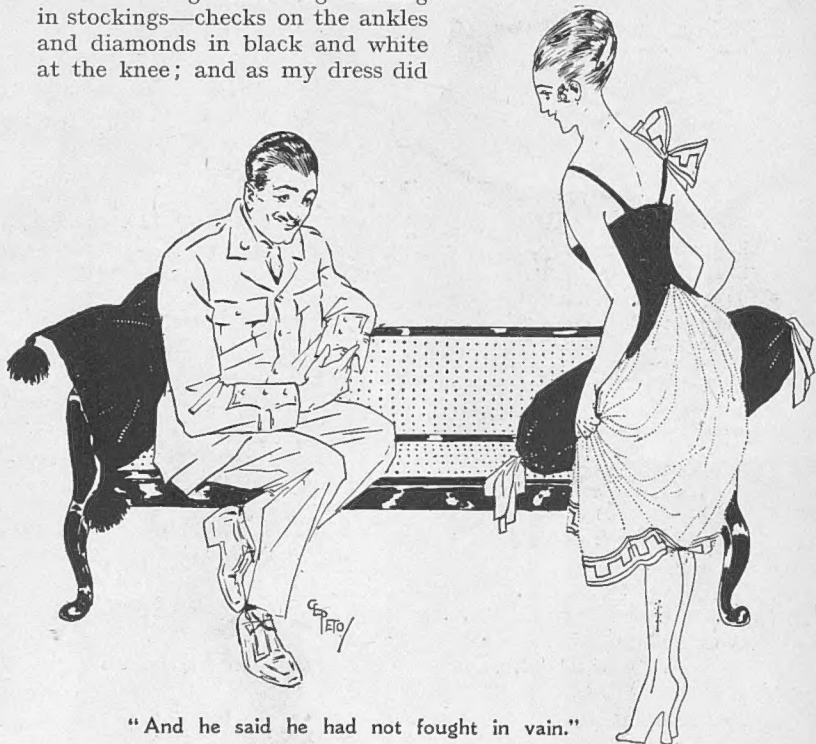
Then there is a humorous lady from Australia who also tells me that, in Australianese, I am what they call a "sport." But what is a "sport"? I always thought a sporting character was somebody in thick boots, with knitted stockings, freckles, homespun covering, and a little feather stuck in a tweed hat! I am not half so



"Will each lady bandage the next one's leg, and I will come and look at them."

picturesque as all that! She tells me that she also has been writing letters to lonely soldiers; "but mine are individual letters. I just address them 'Lonely Soldiers, Dardanelles.' On one of them I put

'good-looker preferred'—I guess the chap who sorts the letters will give that to the ugliest scallawag in the Regiment!" Does it matter? I rather like ugly men; they are less spoilt than the others and appreciate one all the more. "We have just had a Bushmen's Carnival—cattle-drafting, buck-jumping, cattle-throwing, prizes for hacks, etc. I had the first dance with a wounded hero. He was limping badly, but when the band commenced he said he couldn't resist trying. He was 'just It' as a partner. Then I wanted to make him sit down, but saw he didn't want to be fussed over, and told him your story of the wounded Sub who was wounded in the foot and said 'gout'! So we agreed to forget he was a hero and let him have a good time, just like an ordinary mortal. However, I was wearing something thrilling in stockings—checks on the ankles and diamonds in black and white at the knee; and as my dress did



"And he said he had not fought in vain."

not show the top (not modesty, big feet!) I showed them to him because he was wounded. And he said he had not fought in vain!

"I think your suggestion about the Post-Bellum Marriage Law splendid—the servant trouble is becoming very acute here. If one could induce some nice man to marry a really good cook, a competent housemaid, then a clever dressmaker, I would not mind coming in as the one who sauntered into the drawing-room to entertain the guests or preside gracefully at the dinner-table." Now you know you may, Messieurs! "And then in time the law could be extended to plurality of husbands. What woman of imagination gets all she likes in a husband? I am fond of dancing, but the young man at the dancing stage is more or less brainless" (let us protest, "yous" and I!) "Then the bookworm or literary man is delightful, but he is no good at a dance. The musical genius usually can't keep himself, let alone his wife, in cigarettes; and the millionaire is usually so busy looking after his money that he has not any time for the social graces—so that if one could have one of each, and perhaps a prize-fighter to keep order among them, you'd have an ideal household." What say my other readeresses?

I am vastly pleased to see by your letters, their length and their numbers, that "yous," at any rate, are not haunted by the paper-economy craze. My unscientific mind cannot grasp the fact of paper-shortage at all. Why, never has note-paper been more gaily fanciful. The lucky ones among us who haven't, thank God, to use black-edged sheets go in for soft greys and periwinkle blues and pale lilacs of a most promising Springliness. In my ignorance I thought new paper could be made out of practically anything—even of old paper. If only it were so, why then could not the County Council or somebody collect all the old love-letters in breach-of-promise and divorce cases, boil them down and make of them again innocent white, lieless new pages to be turned?—what! Also every household

might contribute heaps of superfluous leaves and out-of-date literature—from abandoned diaries (by abandoned I mean, of course, unachieved) to bills that one has no intention of settling, and doctors' prescriptions that have been preserved, re-made and misapplied! Hair-tonics are not always nice used as gargles! And speaking of doctors, Aunt Barbara is still as keen as plaster on the Red Cross classes, but I don't think she'll ever be able to practise properly, for she lets everything shock her off. The other day the doctor who was instructing said, "It would be a good thing for the class to practise leg-bandaging. Will each lady bandage the next one's leg, and I will come and look at them." Said Aunt Barbara: "I'm afraid my chauffeur must be getting cold—he must not be kept waiting any longer. Good-afternoon." And she strode off firmly on her respectable and safe-guarded props, missing the end of her lesson—but the doctor did not miss much!

On the Sunday before last the Imp and I went to a matinée at the Court Theatre to see three new plays produced by the Pioneers.

I like new plays, don't you? I have a Frenchwoman's love for a dress rehearsal, for a play with the down still on its cheek, so to speak, before the critics and the public have spoilt it for you by telling what it wasn't! Of the three plays on the bill, one, "Pan in Ambush," by Marjorie Patterson, was a charming and clever thing—in verse, if you please! The authoress played a faun frolicking in the lilac-bushes, not such bushy bushes that one could not see her quite well under her tiger-skin-deep faunhood, reed pipe, dear little cloven hoofs and all, but I missed the provocative pair of horns. It would not be fair of me to babble about the play, because it is sure to be played again soon, and "yous," perhaps, can come and see it. It was a delightful glimpse into a summer garden flower-full, scent-full, where trilled and thrilled the pipe of Pan. 'Twas the garden of a Poet who had prematurely buried his heart (poets are apt to do that), until a Victorian maiden (sweet little Katherine Hazel Jones) came therein (it applies to the garden *and* to the heart) to learn love and Latin! She learnt both very quickly! Please, Miss Patterson, while you were discoursing on the human heart were you really munching all those bulbs and roots and things you dug out of the earth with your little agile brown hands, or was it *pralines* and *fondants* smuggled up your sleeve all the time? But how silly of me; there was not

any sleeve nor much room for deception in your enchanting get-up! And you blushing Victorian Victoria, how successfully you showed us the charm of white muslin and blue ribbon and utter artlessness! And how sweet that essence of seraphic silliness—seventeen in a sky sash, sandal-shoes, and simple surprise! But then, whenever I see whatever pretty woman in whatever frock of whatever period I can't help thinking, "Was ever anything so charming?" for there is no ugly fashion if she who wears it is fair enough. I was struck with this fact the other evening at the Carlton. There was a fête there, you know, in aid of Le Berceau, a Society to help the poor little French *bébés*. There was a dinner, a ball, and incidentally a wonderful exhibition of departed modes. Paquin was responsible for this: resurrection of the lovely laid-in-lavender old dresses. If I were to describe them you would not follow me frill by frill; but if I tell you that Mile Yetta Rianza looked like a La France rose in her pink-and-white crinoline frock, that Miss Madge Saunders was a marvellous "Merveilleuse," and Miss Fay Compton wore a gown such as would have delighted Marie Antoinette in her happy days, it may make you realise that on that occasion at least Charity was at its charmingest.

One rarely sees large parties in restaurants now, but the other day at Prince's I saw a party of eight, seven women and one man in khaki. He was young and pink-and-white, and his mother had bidden sisters, cousins, and aunts to a farewell lunch—so I heard. The poise of the young thing was wonderful. He sat serene as a Sultan, and ate quite unconcernedly while the women watched in the manner they watch their babies! I wonder whether the boys at the front know how much they are loved? One's own people don't say what is in their hearts—the boys don't like it, though, to be sure,

they are getting to be much more indulgent towards a little sentiment in their little "mater." Understanding grows with one's moustache!

Many thanks to E. H. for the badge-brooch—such a pretty thing! But I don't see why I should be spoilt in this way! What will She say if she reads this?

Many thanks for *The Dump*—laughed such a lot! My compliments to "yous" all. May I trot round to *The Sketch* Office with it? I feel such a selfish thing chuckling over it all by myself! Please tell Capt. J. S. W. M. that he is a genius. Drawings pages 11 and 27 "The New Kirchner in the Mess," and "yous" all gloating over it made my joy!

But I suppose that Captain J. S. W. M. knows he is a genius without other people telling him so; geniuses do, don't they?—and the rest of us too often!

It is so difficult to please all. Here is a charming letter of thanks from a fighting friend, who at the same time complains that it is wanton cruelty for Miss Peto to draw such things as "silk-encased ankles" if there is a chance of any lonely soldier in Gallipoli seeing them. "Of our brothers in France I say nothing; their opportunities are greater than ours. When I came out here my kind relations advised me to leave the ladies alone—'The men folk are so jealous and vindictive,' they said. But up to the present the only members of your charming sex I have seen since coming out here have been a few Greek women in Lemnos and Imbros."

"Most of them were pretty ancient, and none of them possessed a suspicion of the fabled Greek beauty."

Lucky lonely one! here is temptation removed from you by a kindly fate. No possible elopement, no dreadful revenge from wrathful brothers or husbands! You and your kind relations should rejoice. And wouldn't you rather see alluring "lassies" in warm print than not see any at all? And I cannot agree that you have explained satisfactorily "why Miss Peto's young ladies should wear long skirts." Besides, they are not worn long any longer. You seem to be quite out of touch with things over there, poor boys! (don't say I am wantonly cruel, too—I meant out-of-date, of course!) So you may perhaps not know that in London corsets are off for the present, especially in the evening; some say for aesthetic reasons, others that one is more supple for dancing with one's waist free; but my idea is that stays, however diminutive, being more substantial than the top part of the "topless" fashionable frock, it would be impossible for corsets to be contained without revealing itself. When somebody's bodice is composed of a waist-band of silk and two shoulder-straps of net or chiffon, there's barely



"All the old love letters."



"If one could induce some nice man to marry a really good cook, a competent housemaid, then a clever dressmaker."

room enough in it for one's own self, *tant pis* for corsets and camisoles! . . . Why, I find I have actually been talking fashion to you. If it bores you, just skip it!

SMALL TALK

LADY LIMERICK is wise to turn her attention to the soldier on leave in Ireland.

In a sense, he is at the end of his troubles, for a day or two, when he gets that far from the firing-line; but, however cordial the welcome of his friends at home, the discomforts of the journey from France and back again are infinite. He has nearly always to travel by night. He is sick on the way to

England; he is sick all the way from Holyhead to Kings-town. He may have three or four hours' rail in Ireland itself. If high winds still prevail, he is sick during both the crossings back to the front. Only those who have seen him in his agony, or shared it, know what he goes through for the sake of seeing the missus and the kids. Lady Limerick does well to support him with hot coffee and an encouraging word.

Lady Angela's Balance-Sheet.

Lady Angela Forbes has one specially interesting thing to say about canteens,

AN EARL'S NIECE AS NURSE: MISS HELEN FRANCES ANSON.

Miss Anson is a daughter of the Hon. Frederic William Anson, brother of the Earl of Lichfield, and, like her cousins, Lady Evelyn and Lady Phyllis King, daughters of the Earl of Lovelace, has undergone a course of training as a nurse, and is placing her experience at the service of the wounded in France.

Photograph by Sarony.

and she does well to go on saying it for the benefit of the hesitating would-bes and the unenterprising well-intentioned. A canteen worthy the name pays. With no previous experience of catering, and very little of keeping accounts—"writing epitaphs on dead money," Cardinal Manning called it—she has found it impossible to run a canteen at a loss. Indeed, she has found it impossible to run a canteen without profits, and in France very considerable profits. Soldiers prefer to pay: the mission of the canteen-organiser is to set up her stall in the right place and to give good value for money received. And the moral is that neither the manager nor Tommy need ask for charity, either in the form of subscriptions or cocoa.

Another Flying Corps wedding Engagement.

Lieutenant Alastair Miller is engaged to, and will very shortly marry, Miss Flora Petersen. A son of Sir William and Lady Miller, of Glenlee, Mr. Miller belongs to the Irish Guards, but is attached to the more adventurous R.F.C.—more adventurous in two senses, for it has great things to do aloft, and is, besides, fast becoming known as the Marrying Corps. It seems, by the way, quite old-fashioned to note anything but military and naval distinctions in the world of matrimony, but the marriage arranged for the



SIR ROBERT PEEL'S NIECE MARRIED: MISS VAN DER HEYDT—CAPTAIN BARRY DOMVILLE, R.N.

Miss Alexandrina van der Heydt, who was married on Feb. 9 to Captain Barry Domville, of H.M.S. "Arethusa," son of Admiral Sir Compton Domville, of Brighton, at Tamworth Parish Church, is the daughter of the late Mr. van der Heydt, of North Audley Street, and a grand-daughter of Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister. Her uncle, Sir Robert Peel, fourth Baronet, gave her away. Miss Betty Askwith, daughter of Sir George Askwith, and Miss Mary Peel, daughter of the Rev. Maurice Peel, Vicar of Tamworth, were bridesmaids, and wore Kate Greenaway dresses. Mr. A. R. Graham, Grenadier Guards, was best man; and Master David Peel, son of the Vicar, was page, and wore a white sailor suit with the "Arethusa" ribbon.—[Photo. by Topical.]

beginning of next month between Mr. William Cliff, of the Hussars, and Miss Selby-Lowndes is of particular interest in the hunting world. Her father is the well-known M.F.H., and her mother, Mrs. Selby-Lowndes, is—Mrs. Selby-Lowndes.

Lady Constance in Pall Mall.

Lady Constance Butler is learning more and more about books under Mr. Gosse's able

tuition. She has taken on the secretarial work connected with the books and autographs department of the Red Cross Sale, and finds herself speculating about prices as things come in. To look a gift-horse in the mouth is part of her daily business, and it is quite exciting to make imaginary bids and check an imaginary total long before the event. The one thorn in her side is her chief's industry. He insists on writing the interesting letters himself—letters of thanks and suggestion; and his sense of values is extraordinarily keen. He could give many dealers points on books, and his pupil



A NAVAL AND MILITARY WEDDING: LIEUT. GORDON INGHAM, R.N.—MISS HELEN MARY COOPER.

Miss Cooper, whose marriage with Lieutenant Ingham is arranged for to-day, February 16, is the daughter of the late Major Francis Cooper, R.F.A., and Mrs. Cooper, of Chilworth, Surrey. Lieutenant Ingham, R.N., is the son of his Honour Judge Ingham, and Mrs. Ingham, of Sugwas Court, Hereford.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

will be qualified to take on any job from a literary editorship to the management of Quaritch's before he is done with her.

Lady Forbes.

Lady Forbes, of Castle Forbes, married the new holder of the title in 1914, just after the tragic death of the twentieth Baron. One of the sticklers for the hereditary principle during the Parliamentary crisis of 1910, Lord Forbes (the 20th Baron) was found dead at an hotel in Dundee four years later, and his successor enjoyed the title for only eighteen months. At about the same time Lady Forbes's own family suffered a tragic bereavement. Denis Anson, the brilliant young man who was drowned during a nocturnal entertainment of his own devising on the Thames, was her cousin.

Cousins-German.

Lady Dupplin, whose young son becomes Earl of Kinnoull on the death of his grandfather, was married in 1901 and lost her husband in 1903. The boy is fourteen, and at least one year too old to harbour any sensitiveness about the marriages in his father's family which gave one somewhat remote cousin the title of the Hon. Mrs. Von Hindenburg, and another that of Princess Münster, wife of a previous German Ambassador at Paris. Lady Dupplin is noted for her good looks.



A PRETTY WEDDING IN KENT: LIEUTENANT WILLIAM O. C. JOHNSEN AND MISS ETHEL MAY BOWATER.

Many friends of the bride and bridegroom gathered together in the Parish Church, Bromley, Kent, for the wedding of Lieutenant W. O. Johnsen and Miss Bowater, the dainty dresses of whose young attendants were much admired. Miss Bowater (Mrs. Johnsen) is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Frank Bowater, of Denbridge House, Bickley. Lieutenant Johnsen is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Johnsen, of Barnfield, Bromley.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

THE DISTAFF SIDE: OFFICERS' WIVES; AN EX-PRISONER.



A LADY WHO HAS THIRTY-THREE RELATIVES AT THE FRONT:
MRS. BRYAN RAYNER.



WIFE OF A NEW DEPUTY-ASSISTANT ADJUTANT AND QUARTER-
MASTER-GENERAL: THE HON. MRS. EUSTACE FIENNES.



WIFE OF THE NEW ASSISTANT-ADJUTANT-GENERAL
AT THE WAR OFFICE: LADY GREENWOOD.



RELEASED BY THE AUSTRIANS: MISS FLORENCE CHAPLIN,
WHO HAS BEEN NURSING IN SERBIA.

Mrs. Bryan Rayner is the wife of Major W. B. F. Rayner, Royal Fusiliers, who was mentioned in despatches on New Year's Day and is now Brigade-Major. Major Rayner fought with distinction in the Boer War. Mrs. Rayner has thirty-three relatives at the Front.—Mrs. Eustace Fiennes is the wife of Major the Hon. Eustace Fiennes, Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, brother of Lord Saye and Sele, and Member of Parliament for the Banbury Division of Oxfordshire. Major Fiennes has been appointed a Deputy-Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General.—Lady Greenwood is the wife of

Lieut.-Colonel Hamar Greenwood, who has been appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General at the War Office.—Miss Florence Chaplin, who is a daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., and sister of the Marchioness of Londonderry, and Dame President of the Wimbledon Habitation, has been nursing in Serbia with her Red Cross unit, and was made a prisoner by the Austrians. Great anxiety was naturally felt for some time, but it is gratifying to know that Lady Londonderry has now been informed that Miss Chaplin has been released and is on her way to England.

Photograph No. 1, by Lillie Charles; Nos. 2 and 3 by Swaine; No. 4, by Walter Barnett.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

Another Mystery Explained.

FIRST OLD LADY: It's preposterous!
SECOND OLD LADY: It's disgraceful!
FIRST OLD LADY: And so unnecessary!

SECOND OLD LADY: Quite!

FIRST OLD LADY: It ought to be stopped!

SECOND OLD LADY: I shall see into it myself!

FIRST OLD LADY: Somebody should be made an example of!

SECOND OLD LADY: And severely punished!

FIRST OLD LADY: If not shot!

SECOND OLD LADY: What is the Army doing?

FIRST OLD LADY: To say nothing of the Navy!

SECOND OLD LADY: Army indeed!

FIRST OLD LADY: Navy forsooth!

SECOND OLD LADY: If they'd give my nephew a chance—

FIRST OLD LADY: Or my grandson—!

SECOND OLD LADY: It's all this red tape, you know!

FIRST OLD LADY: I know! They even wear it round their caps!

SECOND OLD LADY: Not a bit ashamed of it!

FIRST OLD LADY: Oh, they glory in it!

SECOND OLD LADY: In the meantime, the wretched Zeppelins—!

FIRST OLD LADY: Oh, don't talk about it!

Public Brains.

But they did continue to talk about it, and I could not help listening. And as I listened, it occurred to me, as a matter for public rejoicing, that there is not a single person in England—with the exception, of course, of the people who have the job in hand—who could not settle the Zeppelin trouble offhand. As an Englishman, I rejoice in this display of national intelligence. Other nations are forced to rely upon so-called experts. We are not in that unfortunate and poverty-stricken condition. We all know how to do it. We are all able to advise the authorities. As Lewis Carroll said, "They all can, and most of them do."

The Editor of a certain daily paper, having received many thousands of interesting letters on this topic, and being unable to print them all on account of the shortage in paper, has kindly sent some on to me. I append a few samples.

THE ZEPPELIN TROUBLE.

SIR,—If you wish to know the real reason for the continuance of the Zeppelin raids, I can tell you in one word, Asquith.—NON-PARTY.

SIR,—It is well known to the Government—or should be well known to them—that the one and only place to attack and bring down a Zeppelin is the North Sea. Why is this simple precaution not taken? Ask Sir John Simon!

TORPEDO.

SIR,—Here is a very simple method for stopping Zeppelin raids, and one that should appeal to any man in this country worthy of the name. (We have listened to the old women long enough; the time has come to acquit ourselves like heroes.) Announce to the German Government, through the American Embassy in Berlin, that

for every person killed in this country by a bomb dropped from a Zeppelin we shall crucify a German prisoner.

ENGLISH AND PROUD OF IT.

SIR,—What we really need to settle this trouble is greater unity. I should suggest that every town and village in the country holds a mass meeting every night to discuss the problem. We should then arrive at some solution which would be of immense help to the authorities.

NEMO SED FELIX.

SIR,—I think we have all overlooked the danger of children acting as spies. A few nights ago, on a quiet country road, I met a small boy with an electric torch. I at once knocked him down and took away the torch, whereupon he called me a "dirty Hun"—

which I certainly am not—and expressed a hope that the Zeppelins would come over and smash me to bits with a bomb. Could anything be more sinister or un-English?

LOVER OF LITTLE ONES.

SIR,—Amid so many quibblings, let me strike an optimistic note. It is true, no doubt, that we have not yet solved the Zeppelin problem. So much I grant. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. But all things must have a beginning. *Arma virumque cano*. We have, at any rate, accomplished this much—we know the extreme difficulty of the task! *In vino veritas*.

VAE VICTIS (Banbury).

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO TO HELP.

(Contributed by a Lady Reader.)

There is no need for any woman or girl to give way to gloom because of the War. Pessimism helps nobody. On the contrary, it is actually wrong to wear a downcast expression or communicate sadness to others in these times of stress.

Concentrate your attention on the things you can do to help. The fate of the race is at all times in the hands of its women, and never more so than in time of war. Here is a list of little daily duties that every girl and woman who wishes our country to emerge triumphant from this great struggle should be careful to observe—

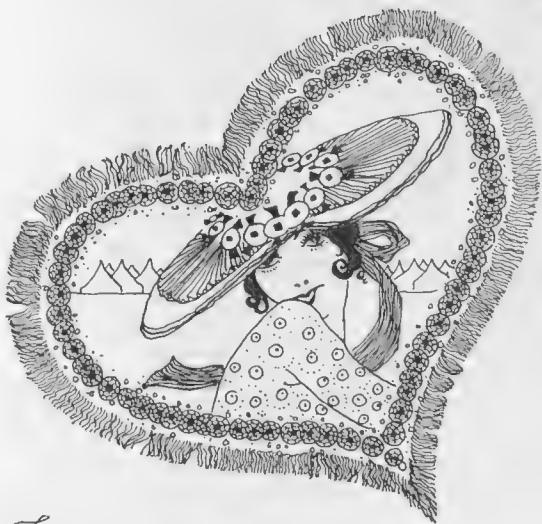
- (1) Give up putting sugar in your tea.
- (2) Clean your gloves with salts-of-lemon.
- (3) To make the hair glossy, rub it with a raw onion all night.
- (4) The best cure for chilblains is to beat them sharply with a piece of coal about the size of a melon. If coal cannot be obtained, a half-brick is a good substitute.
- (5) You cannot be too careful what you do with your teeth. A good plan for the preservation of the teeth is the following: Take one raw potato. Slice it up very small, and add the essence of a wee kidney-bean. Place the preparation on your window-sill at night. Leave the window open, and sit with your teeth close to the saucer. Should you feel cold, you can either (a) grin and bear it or (b) close the window sharply and leap into bed.
- (6) Avoid meat, pudding, fish, cheese, sweets, and uncooked bread.
- (7) Practise deep breathing. Do not breathe whilst asleep. One good inhalation at night, followed by a similar exhalation the first thing in the morning, will keep you wonderfully fit.



THE LATEST FROM THE U.S.A.: THE REAL-FLOWER-ABOVE-THE-ELBOW ARMLET.

Photograph by Topical.

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: LEAP YEAR VALENTINES.

*For the boys in France.**For the boys at Sea.**For Every Boy in the Fighting Forces.**For the boys in Mesopotamia.**For the boys in the Balkans.*



THE CLUBMAN

WHEN LIPS ARE UNSEALED: TWO VIEWS OF THE CRUSADES: FUTURE HISTORIES.

The "Baralong" Story. I take it that our naval authorities do not consider it worth while to contradict every lie that the Germans tell concerning our sailors, but when, after the war, the story of the *Baralong*, the submarine and the mule-ship, is officially told, one of the strangest and fiercest incidents that has ever occurred at sea will come to light in its entirety. Had the Germans accepted Sir Edward Grey's offer to submit the *Baralong* case and the contemporaneous attacks on helpless British sailors by German seamen to a court of American naval officers, the story would already have been told in full; but doubtless the Germans had some inkling of what really did occur, and were exceedingly anxious that the truth should not be known.

The Biter Bit. It was a case of the biter being bit, for when the tables were turned against the Germans by the appearance of the *Baralong* and the sinking of the submarine, a boat's crew of Germans was already on the *Nicosian* preparing to sink her by bombs. The Americancattle-men, as reckless and as pugnacious a set of human beings as exist, turned on the Germans with bars of iron and other weapons that came to their hands and slaughtered them. A second boat-load of Germans suffered the same fate, and when the British steamer sent a boat alongside the *Nicosian* the fight was over, and the triumphant cattlemen were in possession of the vessel.

What Happened Afterwards.

This much those of the crew of the *Nicosian*, who were in a boat awaiting the sinking of the ship, and all aboard the *Baralong* will be able to confirm when the time comes that the official seal is taken from their lips. What has happened afterwards we in England can only guess. No doubt the cattlemen, who swore false affidavits, did not do so without some reward from German sources; but the story of the fight on board the *Nicosian* is such a thrilling one that sooner or later the participators in it will tell the whole true story just for the love of relating the details of a fierce fight; and when they do tell that story it will be confirmed later on by the British official report—when it comes.

The Writing of History. Monsieur Gennadius, the Greek Minister at the Court of St. James, commenting on a lecture delivered in the School of Economics, disagreed very thoroughly with the ordinary British ideas concerning the Crusades. He said that the Fourth Crusade was the greatest buccaneering expedition known to human history, and that the mass of people who took part in the Crusades were a rabble, who were, to a certain extent, policed by the Greeks of that period. Quite likely M. Gennadius is right, for the history of the Crusades, as we in Europe know it, is the history as written by the priests who preached the Crusades, and who, naturally, did not record anything to the

disadvantage of the men who were fighting for the Cross against the Crescent.

Saladin. Like every other British small boy, the history of the Crusades as I read them filled me with admiration for those gallant Christian knights who, in their endeavour to wrest the holy cities of the Christians from the hands of pagans, fought so bravely against the Saracens. It was not until I came to man's estate that I read the other side of the history of the Crusade period, and learned what a fine fellow Saladin was—how generous, how hospitable, and how humane towards his captives. He never met a Christian general who was his equal in strategy until Richard of England opposed him; and Saladin was just as fine a character as our King of the Lion Heart. Had I been a little Mohammedan boy of the East instead of a little British boy of the West, I should have been taught that Saladin was a hero of heroes, and that he turned back the tide of Christian invasion and secured for the followers of Mahomet the land that was theirs by right.

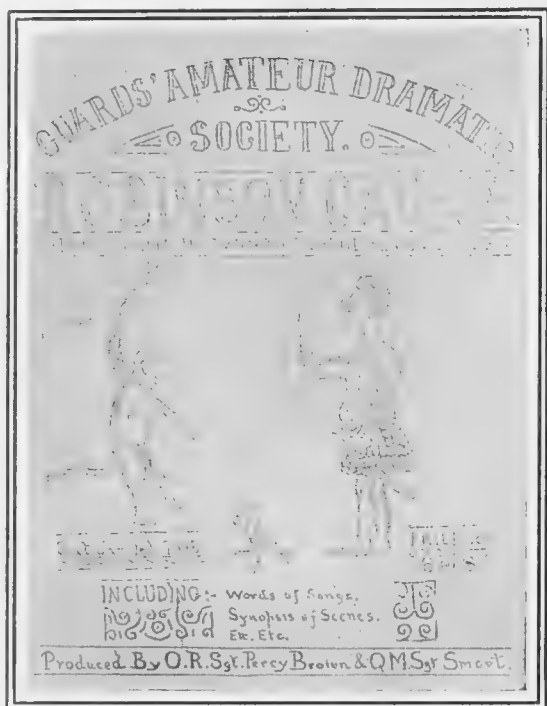
Histories of To-Day.

We are living to-day, all of us, in the midst of the making of history—a making that is in progress amidst the convulsion of all the nations. There will be two schools of history—one looking at these years from the Teuton point of view, and the other from the British and the Latin view. We know what we think of the war and its beginnings, and we know, a little less clearly, perhaps, what the Teuton point of view is. They are the absolute poles apart. No doubt the German people believe just as

sincerely that their country has been attacked as we believe that German ambition plunged Europe into this terrible war. The German and Austrian histories will be full of the valour and the kindness of the German hosts, and will tell of the brutalities of her foes and how Great Britain egged Russia and France into the war, and then joined in because she thought she saw her chance to ruin German trade. We Britons know all this to be utterly false, but every German will believe it to be true until the end of time.

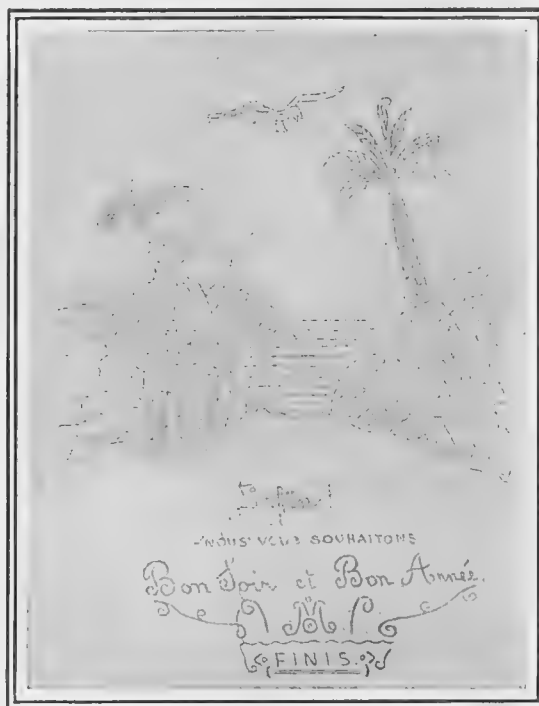
The American Historian.

It is from America that the historian of the years of the greatest war must eventually come, and when he writes his history both the Germans and ourselves will violently disagree with many of his statements and many of his conclusions. Only an American, or a Chinaman, can be outside the tremendous passions that are swirling in Europe and parts of Asia; but to a Chinaman the squabbles of Europe are of little more interest than the revolutions in China are to a European. A citizen of the United States is always tremendously interested in the older civilisations of Europe, and can see with clear eyes and at the same time be to a certain extent in sympathy with both sides. But I hope that the American historian, when he comes, will not, like M. Gennadius, try to upset British beliefs in our crusade.



"ROBINSON CRUSOE" PRESENTED BY THE GUARDS AT THE FRONT: THE FRONT AND THE BACK OF THE PROGRAMME.

The Guards Amateur Dramatic Society, facetiously dubbed "The Guards-Am-At-It" Society, produced their version of "Robinson Crusoe" somewhere in France. Here we reproduce the front and back pages of the programme. Illustrations of some of the characters are given opposite. Every member of the cast is in the Guards, and came from the Scots, Grenadiers, Coldstreamers, and Irish. There was a grand chorus of missionaries, cannibals, orang-outangs, hyaenas, etc.!



"THE GUARDS-AM-AT-IT!" "ROBINSON CRUSOE" IN FRANCE.



KING UMPOOPOO (C.S.-MAJOR BURNETT, S.G.) AND
MRS. GEORGINA CRUSOE (Q.M.-SERGT. SMART, G.G.)



SALLY SLACK, ROBIN'S SQUEEZABLE SQUARE-TACK,
(DRUMMER BISWELL, C.G.)



ROBINSON CRUSOE (O.R.S. PERCY BROWN, S.G.) AND
SALLY SLACK (DRUMMER BISWELL, C.G.).



ROBINSON CRUSOE AND PORCUS, THE MONKEY, ADAM'S
GRANDFATHER (DRUMMER TORR, S.G.).

The irrepressible good-humour of the Guards found plenty of room to express itself in the really funny pantomime of which we give some illustrations. The programme, type-written but teeming with jokes and seasonable puns, the dresses and make-up quite on orthodox lines, the "book" full of quaint jests and modern instances, the ebullient spirits and "go" of the performers, the crude "scenery," made up an entertainment such as, it is safe to say, no war area had hitherto enjoyed in the

history of the world. The "musical numbers" were smart and clever, and capitally rendered, and the whole production "went with a bang." One song at least was cheerily prophetic—"The Watch on the Rhine," a stanza of which ran, "When we've wound up the Watch on the Rhine, How we'll sing, how we'll sing 'Auld Lang Syne,' You and I hurrah will cry, Everything will be Potsdam fine"—a cursory summing-up of the situation. "Produced Somewhere in France" on January 1, 3, and 4.



VERY festive and unafraid was last week's wedding at Drayton Manor, with its special train from town, and, as somebody said, abundance of orange-blossom and abundance of Peel. One of the family heirlooms that has never been in dispute is a great spirit, a courage that carries the Peels cheerfully through periods

of national or personal stress. We have in our time all admired the confidence with which the great-grandson of the greater Robert endured a number of inquiries in various directions, and ended with possession of Drayton Manor. There are, of course, other great possessions in the family, but things were askew somewhere. Nothing, however, could have been more prosperous-looking than last week's wedding, with statistical and official financial correctitude represented by Sir William Askwith (whose daughter was a bridesmaid) and individual millions represented three or four times over in the persons of the assembled guests.

The Best Man.

The groom, Captain Barry Domville, brought a whole bevy of distinguished naval friends, and his own people were present in force. Sir Hedworth Meux and Lady Meux, with Lord John Hay and Lady John Hay, were among the invited guests; and though sea duty kept many naval friends away, there were others who scrambled to shore and back again to do honour to the popular captain of the *Arethusa*. His best man, however, was a soldier—a Guardsman who, managing to reverse the accepted order, proved that the Army can on occasion be "both mother and father" to the Navy.

A Little Bit of Fluff. Some letters from the front contain more than letters—odds and ends that bring home the reality. A man showed me the other day a scrap of Hun trousering, ripped from the leg of a wounded prisoner. It had come to him that morning from Captain Lovat Fraser, and had been thought curious enough to send on account of the tale it told of one German shortcoming. It was thinner than any summer uniform even should be—as thin as the fancy socks that some men wear in August. And this was a February prisoner!

The Song of Honour. Captain Lovat Fraser is comparatively new to the Army. A year ago—or is it rather more?—nothing less

like a prisoner-bagging, in-the-thick-of-it soldier would have been imagined. If one had stopped to think, one might have seen in him the potential officer: he has the build, and he was already half-equipped—he was a gentleman. As a matter of fact, the only things one could think about in his studio in Roland Gardens were the artist and the drawing and his friend Ralph Hodgson the poet, now in the R.N.V.R. Those two together were responsible for the Flying Fame publications—for "Eve" the "Song of Honour," and the numerous broadsides. Then they closed shop, and incidentally sent up the prices of their publications. The first edition of "The Song of Honour," issued at 6d., now fetches a guinea. And some economists refuse to sell, even at that respectable figure.

No "Repeats" Needed.

Lord Northcliffe, Sir Henry Norman, and a number of other men who are as much concerned with the driving of pens as with the driving of motors, have been doing luncheon-hour honour to Lord Montagu at the Royal Automobile Club. The Hon. Arthur Stanley presided, and it was an open secret that the writers of those famous obituary notices of the guest of the day were seated at the table. "You are forgiven as long as you don't write them again for quite a long time" is Lord Montagu's smiling formula. He had an audience, too, of the King last week at Buckingham Palace, an audience at which his Majesty listened to the tale of a great and dreadful adventure.

The Irrepressible Sportsman.

"What wouldn't we give for a military race-meeting here," writes a young Irish officer from Salonika. "There is space or ground enough and I look pretty wistfully at possible steeplechase courses. Sir Bryan Mahon (the mahout) has to do his rounds in a car, though his natural seat, of course, is in the saddle. He too must look with longing —"

But no, dear Sir, let it rest at that. For a blinking-space you side-track into thoughts of race-meetings, but it is not permitted that a respectable, hard-working C-in-C. should be involved along with you. Sir Bryan must stick to the uncongential motor for the time being. The polo season is not quite yet. And much may happen before long.



MOTHER OF A FUTURE PEER:
LADY LOCH.

Lady Loch, who has given birth to a son and heir, was married to Lord Loch in 1905, and was then Lady Margaret L. L. Compton, daughter of the fifth Marquess of Northampton. She has two little daughters. Lord Loch has been mentioned in despatches and made C.M.G. during the present war.

Photograph by Swaine.



A NEW PEER: THE THIRTEENTH
EARL OF KINNOULL.

The late Earl of Kinnoull, who has just died at the age of sixty-one, is succeeded by his grandson, Lord Hay of Kinfauns, son of the late Viscount Dupplin, who died in 1903, eldest son of the late Earl. The new Earl will be fourteen in March. The first Earl of Kinnoull was Sir George Hay, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland 1622-34: created Baron Hay of Kinfauns and Viscount Dupplin, peerage of Scotland, 1627, and Earl of Kinnoull, peerage of Scotland, 1633.

Photograph by Thomson.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN C. W. ANSTEY:
MISS DOROTHY ETHEL WESTMACOTT.

Miss Westmacott is the eldest daughter of Major H. R. Westmacott, Welsh Regiment, and Mrs. Westmacott, of Belvedere Cottage, Rye, Sussex. Captain Anstey, 24th South Wales Borderers and Royal Flying Corps, is the only surviving son of Major W. Anstey (late H.L.I.), Lismoyne, Fleet, Hants.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY CAPT. SURTEES ATKINSON:
MISS MARGARET GUY.

Miss Margaret Guy is the daughter of the Rev. T. E. B. Guy, Vicar of Fulford, York. Captain Surtees Atkinson, of the Royal Field Artillery, is the younger son of the late Mr. John Atkinson, J.P., of Newbiggin, Hexham, and of Mrs. Atkinson, of Fulford Lodge, York.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO 2ND-LIEUT. LEONARD
McA. R. GORDON: MISS HELEN VIOLET
HOLBECH.

Miss Holbeche is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holbeche, of Prior's Croft, Malvern, Worcestershire. 2nd-Lieut. Leonard Gordon, of the Cameronians, is the only son of Dr. and Mrs. James Gordon, Annalong, County Down, Ireland.

Photograph by Swaine.

WEDDINGS AND WAR WORK: SOME FEMININE NOTABILITIES.



AN EARL'S DAUGHTER WHO IS DOING CANTEEN WORK AND MOTOR-DRIVING: LADY IRIS CAPELL.



ABOUT TO CONTRACT A DANISH ALLIANCE: MISS MONICA MASSY-BERESFORD, ENGAGED TO M. JORGEN DE WICHFELD.



RECENTLY RETURNED FROM THE EAST, WHERE SHE WATCHED A BATTLE: MRS. IVY BRUCE ELLIOTT.



RECENTLY MARRIED TO CAPTAIN A. R. KELLETT: MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.

Lady Iris Capell is the elder of the two daughters of the Earl of Essex by his second marriage. Her mother is a daughter of the late Mr. Beach Grant, of New York. Lady Iris now spends four days a week in driving a motor for the National Food Fund, and gives most of her remaining time to canteen work. She was previously working for a time at Lady Murray's hospital at Le Tréport.—Miss Monica Massy-Beresford's fiancé, M. Jorgen de Wichfeld, is Honorary Attaché to the Danish Legation in London. She is

the only daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Massy-Beresford, of St. Hubert's, Belturbet, Ireland.—Mrs. Ivy Bruce Elliott, whose husband, Lieutenant Elliott, is in the Royal Garrison Artillery, has had the unique experience of watching a battle. We must not say exactly where it was, but it was "somewhere east of Suez." Miss Madeline Seymour, who was recently appearing as Lady Playne in "Betty," has married Captain Alan Reid Kellett, of the South Staffordshire Regiment.

Photographs by Martin, l'Estrange, and Hoppé.

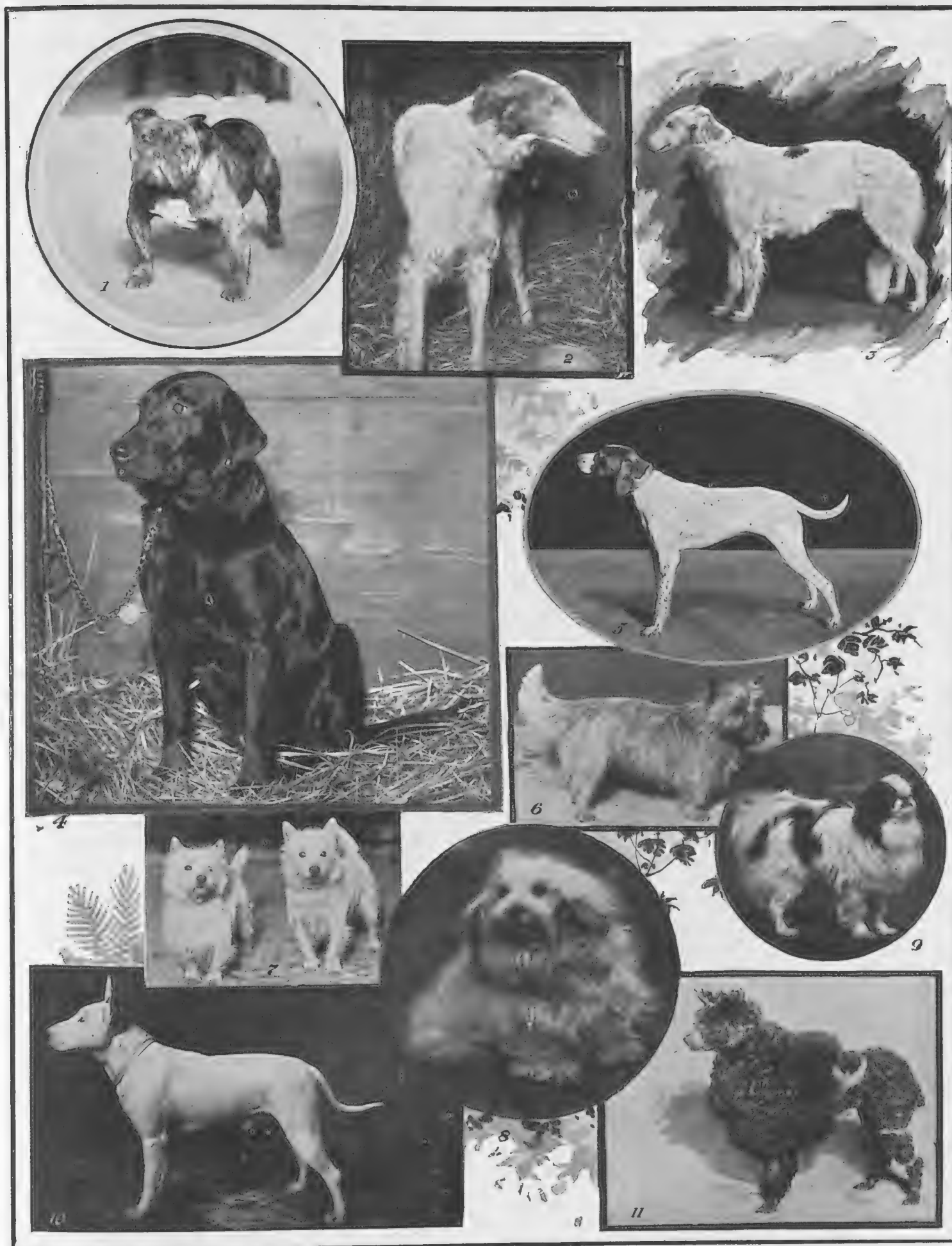
EXPERIENCE.



THE SMALL BOY (to his father—just returned from the trenches): I say, you'll cop it when muvver sees your boots!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

A VERY HARDY ANNUAL: WINNERS AT "CRUFT'S."



1. Mrs. Isa A. Harrison's Bulldog, "Who Goes There?" First Prize.
2. H.M. Queen Alexandra's Borzoi, "Sandringham Oudoff."
3. Mrs. F. R. Ashton's Borzoi, "Ch. Pavlova of Addlestone." First Prize, Championship, and Best Borzoi in Show.
4. H.M. the King's Retriever, "Wolferton Jet." Second Prize.
5. Mr. T. Steadman's Pointer, "Mallwyd Pop." Two Firsts and Championship.
6. Mr. MacLennan's Cairn Terrier, "Ch. Sporrán." First Prize and Championship.

7. Mr. S. McLeod's West Highland White Terriers. (Left) "Fair Maid." Two Firsts and Championship. (Right) "White Cliff." Two Firsts.
8. Mrs. Fraser Newall's Maltese, "Champion Bunch." First and Championship.
9. Mrs. G. Gratrix's Japanese, "Anderson Manor Hokusai." Three Firsts and Ch.
10. Mr. O. Wright's Bull-Terrier, "Ch. Krishna." First Prize, Championship, and Best Bull-Terrier in Show.
11. Mrs. H. E. Jerome's Miniature Poodle, "Mardi." Two Firsts, Championship, and Three Specials.

It is to the credit of Mr. Cruft and of the exhibitors that his great International Dog Show, held at the Agricultural Hall, on February 9, 10, and 11, was, despite the war, as interesting as ever. A special *cachet* was given to the Show this year by the fact that for the first time his Majesty the King was an exhibitor, showing a very

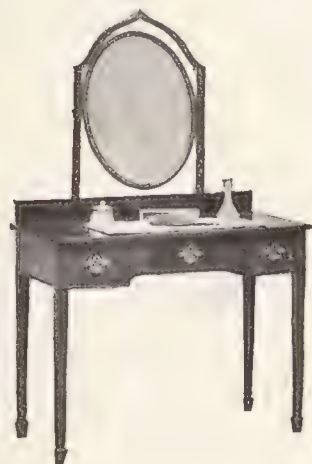
fine sporting dog, "Wolferton Jet," a handsome retriever with a first-rate reputation in the field. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra was again represented at the Show at which she first made her appearance as an exhibitor, showing this year basset-hounds, which won championships, as well as the Borzoi of which we give a photograph.

Photographs by Sport and General.



Rush-seated Chair, finely turned legs and back, with arms £1:11:0; without arms £1:1:0.

VISIT
OUR
GALLERIES
TO-DAY



Gentleman's Mahogany Suite, comprising 4 ft. Tallboy Chest, richly veneered fronts to all drawers; 3 ft. Dressing Table, fitted three drawers and mirror over; 3 ft. Washstand, fitted double cupboard and marble top. Complete £38:15:0.



Oak Gate Leg Table. 4 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft., soundly constructed and beautifully finished. Price £3:17:6.



Oak Dresser, 4 ft. 6 in. wide. An exceptionally handsome and distinctive piece of furniture. Price £14:15:0.

WHEN you buy furniture at Waring & Gillow's you pay no more for it than you would elsewhere, yet you obtain that distinctiveness which comes from over two centuries of fine furniture making. In our Lancaster factories there are men who have spent their lives making furniture for us—skilful craftsmen all of them, who take a personal pride in their work. Every article which our factory turns out bears the stamp of taste, style and quality; it possesses that individual note which is so delightful and so rare in this age of cheap and hasty making. Yet this fine furniture is sold in our Galleries at prices which are no higher than the ordinary.

If you will make a pleasure tour of our Galleries and examine the many examples of beautiful furniture there, you will speedily be convinced of these facts.

**WARING &
GILLOW**
Furnishers & Decorators
to H.M. the King LTD

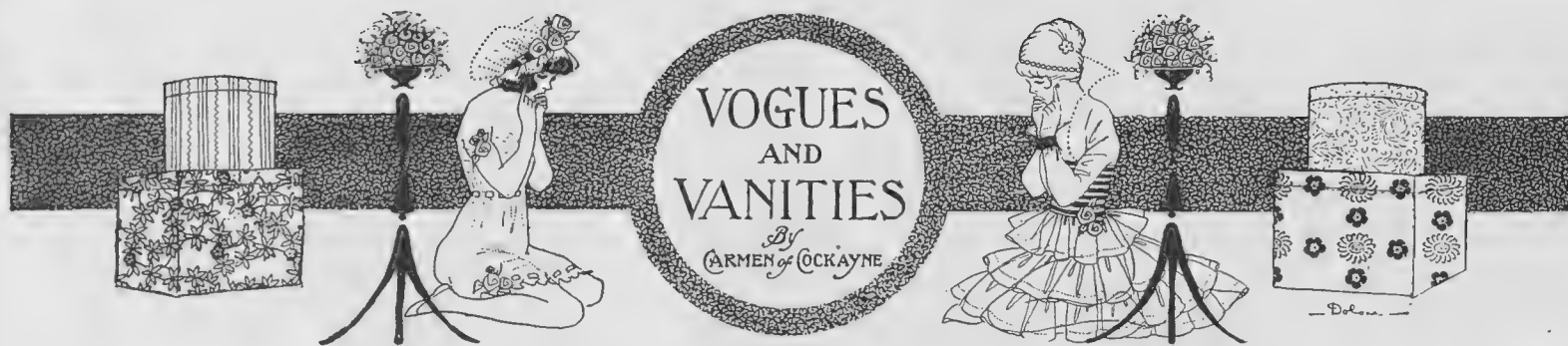
164-180 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.
BOLD ST., LIVERPOOL. DEANS GATE, MANCHESTER.

RATS!



THE GERMAN SAILOR (*just returned from an unsuccessful deputation to ask for an extra drink allowance*): Himmel!
if I could only wake up and find the little beasts weren't real.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



Souvent Femme Varie.

Woman is changeable, always. It was a man's opinion, and perhaps his experience had been unfortunate. Without, however, admitting its general applicability, the verdict, as applied to women and dress, is perfectly just. And who would have it otherwise? The intolerable dullness of life if all changes in dress were forbidden scarcely bears thinking about. The Puritans tried the experiment, and the result was seen a few years later in the extravagant style of dress which characterised Restoration days. As for the men of to-day, if they would only admit the truth, they are the last people, in the world really to demand monotony in dress. Their very anxiety to doff khaki at the first opportunity and enjoy the luxury of mufti proves that they, at least, appreciate the value of clothes as an aid to mental and physical well-being. Varying fashions are really

essential to a woman's welfare, and the spring brings to her an even greater longing than at any other time for something "new" in the way of dress. This year the yearning is even more pronounced, because general monotony has reached a pitch never before achieved even in this war. "Rien de nouveau," that which has been last week, the thing which will be next week, and the week after next—the deadly monotony of the uninformative official bulletins above all call for a vigorous stimulant. Just now fashion is supplying that stimulant. If, like the war, there were no change to record in woman's dress, it would indeed be a poor world. But all the "agitated rattle of a complicated battle" has no power to retard the ever-spinning wheel of La Mode by so much as a single revolution. The changes this year, as was pointed out last week, are not great, but they are significant, showing as they do a transition from the mournful to the buoyant, and from a certain simplicity and restrainedness to the frilly, the feminine, the delightful, and the altogether up-to-date—all of which attributes are present in the gowns which Dolores illustrates on this page.

"The secret of its charm lies in the manner in which it is worn."

cause general monotony has reached a pitch never before achieved even in this war. "Rien de nouveau," that which has been last week, the thing which will be next week, and the week after next—the deadly monotony of the uninformative official bulletins above all call for a vigorous stimulant. Just now fashion is supplying that stimulant. If, like the war, there were no change to record in woman's dress, it would indeed be a poor world. But all the "agitated rattle of a complicated battle" has no power to retard the ever-spinning wheel of La Mode by so much as a single revolution. The changes this year, as was pointed out last week, are not great, but they are significant, showing as they do a transition from the mournful to the buoyant, and from a certain simplicity and restrainedness to the frilly, the feminine, the delightful, and the altogether up-to-date—all of which attributes are present in the gowns which Dolores illustrates on this page.

The "Triangle" Corsage.

to almost everything except matters fashionable, where initiative is the secret of success. The "triangle" corsage, which is a newcomer this season, has all the charm of novelty, and quite destroys the long-accepted maxim that to the corsage two "lines" and two only were possible—the vertical and the

"Old friends are best" is a maxim that is applicable

circular. The new feature introduces the line horizontal, which forms, as it were, the base line of the inverted triangle which the bodice suggests, and extends from shoulder to shoulder, with an ethereal bridge of georgette or tulle to fill the gap which divides back from front. Of its merits you may judge from the accompanying sketch, the original of which, like its fellow, is to be seen in the salons of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody in Wigmore Street. In colour it is a delicate shade of pink tempered with a subtle suggestion of mauve. The chief interest of the skirt is contained in its extreme fullness, and the loops and bows of ribbon—satin on one side, moiré on the other—with which it is decorated. Ribbons, it will be seen, appear again on the sleeve—and, indeed, they play an important part in many a dress-scheme of to-day, especially if it be designed for the use of the *jeune fille*.

Another point to be noted about the frock is

"Broader from side to side than from back to front," is one edict concerning the new hats.

that, though intended for restaurant and evening wear, it is fully high—a characteristic it shares with many others of the same class. Quite a number of otherwise elaborate evening gowns have the décolletage filled in with clear, almost invisible, tulle, which is simply fastened at the neck with a narrow band of soft satin. Next the pink gown, the farthingale frock asserts its claim to notice. It is of black satin, soft and shiny, and stands out, as you see, more than a little from the figure of the wearer. The secret of its "stand-offishness" is not, however, the bone-wheel of Elizabethan days, but an extremely pliable strip of whalebone cunningly introduced to give to each gather its full value. As to the hem, it is finished with an insertion of net embroidered with jet just heavy enough to keep each "loop" of the whalebone in place. For the rest, the corsage is a confection of satin and clear black net, showing here and there gleams of silver lace; while the sleeves are of net, too, puffy and buoyant and tied with black ribbon.

Hats in General.

Of hats in general it may be said that those which have not breadth of outlook have a soaring ambition which carries some of them higher than they have ever mounted before. But for the moment extremes are to be avoided, since such hats as have already arrived are but the vanguard of the great army of others to follow. Popularity is predicted for feathers, and here is a black hat charmingly turned up all round, whose only adornment is a balloon-shaped mount of many tiny black tips massed together. The other hat is for restaurant wear, and the secret of its charm lies in the manner in which it is worn, for when the correct angle is attained one eye of the wearer gazes through an imponderable veil of net and sequins, where the scarf which supplies the trimming droops over the brim.



Some abuse the farthingale, but then they had not seen it under a frock of black satin which breathes "Paris" all over its shiny surface. Ribbons, too, are no longer only "fairings" for the simple maiden, but an integral part of the toilette of the Society belle.

SELLING A PUP!



THE SUB. (*Very Junior*): I want one of those dogs about so high, and about so long. A sort of greyhound; but it isn't quite, because its tail's shorter and its head's bigger, and the legs aren't so long, and the body's thinner. Do you keep that sort?

THE DEALER: No, Sir; I don't. I drown 'em!



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

Phillip in Particular. I.—None but the Brainy Deserve —

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE Senior Captain oo.639 Batt. Regentpalace Rifles (T.) had a child-munching outlook on junior officers, and if it had not been for the extraordinary dryness within him, and its eternal need of wholesome nourishment, he might have eaten at least one Subaltern or Lieutenant at every meal. But whatever his regard for ordinary company infants, his gaze upon Lieutenants of Staff was wolfish. Moloch might have seemed a Nut-Fooder if his grace-before-meals glance was compared with the glare the Senior Captain directed at the two red tabs on the collar of a Lieutenant.

Perhaps his age and his distinguished career had soured the Senior Captain's heart; perhaps, when somebody dug him out from somewhere with chalybeate waters in it, his soul missed the exalted tone and the sound soldiery of those other youngsters who had fought with him when Raglan led. Anyhow, his attitude toward people below the age of forty was bitter, and his appreciation of juniors on the Staff ferocious. Perhaps he, too, had visions of Staff towns, where *estaminets* are near, and ale blooms mellow in the long-necked beakers—who knows? But he was ferocious.

To him, then, Phillip—Phillip with two "I's" please, and said slow—Phillip would be the abomination of desecration. Phillip, the boy with the spotless boots, and all the creases where they should be, and the tunic like the morning's glory—Phillip with all that and two tabs would be a pain. And Phillip was, and more. Possibly Phillip was tactless. To arrive in the dustiest trench of the line on the thirstiest day of the year, when a junior-killer with a march-to-Delhi thirst was occupying it, is, perhaps, not tactics of the Higher Command. . . . But how was Phillip to know that?

Phillip arrived (certainly there was a General attached to him, but when Phillip was about Generals somehow dimmed) and, having arrived, Phillip began to consider things. Phillip examined the trench carefully, as though he were nesting for rabbits; and the Senior Captain, who imagined that Generals did this important sort of work, snorted. The General was more tactful. He could see that the Senior Captain had singular ideas, so he advanced in echelon to the dug-out, and as he advanced he mentioned the heat of the day, and the dustiness thereof, and the benefit of dug-outs in all their establishments. The Senior Captain tore his cannibalistic glance from Phillip and moved off to the sacramental ale.

Phillip looked over the trench, and it was a good old trench. It was one of those trenches one went to when one wanted to escape the feverishness of billets. It was a gentle trench where nothing occurred to alarm the mind, where Germans strafed not much, before which Saxon regiments with their gentle songs were put in their convalescence. It was a trench, that is, on a part of the line where nothing ever happened, or ever could or should happen. It had been built for some reason in the early days of the war, and that reason had never occurred again. It was safer to be in that trench than guarding Buckingham Palace on a damp night. There wasn't much to see. Phillip had seen it all several times, but he went over it again; while the men of the Regentpalace Rifles looked at his spotless perfection and wondered whether he was real.

Phillip came into the dug-out at that poignant moment when the Senior Captain was stating the fact that, war being war, he would have to put himself (and his guests) on quarter rations of beer. He was saying this as a strong man should. The General was sympathetic. Beer, he said, was suffering from some sort of blockade; even the Staff was feeling the pinch.

Phillip sat down, bearing the Senior Captain's glances meekly, and presently the General remembered the hostilities, and asked if all was well.

"Oh, top-hole," said Phillip. "Nice trench this. Well planned. Nice northern aspect . . . but . . ."

"Ah," said the General.

"Some movement over on the left—by the old house that our gunning knocked half-silly."

"Ah," said the General.

Phillip looked at the Captain with his mild and winsome eye.

"Oh, that," said the Senior Captain. "I've been looking at that." You knew what that meant at once. It was The Final Word.

"No," muttered the General, quite relieved.

"Looked at it a long time," said the Captain.

"So have I," agreed Phillip spontaneously. "Through my glasses, too."

The Senior Captain snorted.

"Some movement there, I admit. But nothin' in it. Nothin'."

"Might be a good wheeze to go along and 'look-see,'" said Phillip cheerfully.

"Why?" snarled the Captain.

"Oh, don't know—just an idea," gulped Phillip.

"Rot!" snapped the Captain.

"What good, hey? What good? We couldn't use the place without extending ourselves dangerously—that's sound, isn't it?"

"Oh, very sound, very," agreed the General violently.

"Well, there you are. They can't use it either. Can't enfilade—" Strong, virile man on enfilade was the Senior Captain. "They can't rush us from it. They can't do anything with it. What's the good? Only stir things up, make a mess—for nothin'. I see no use."

"None at all," protested the General. Quite right, Kayenne."

The Senior Captain glared at Phillip.

"Bit of an idea," murmured Phillip.

"That movement, y'know."

"Movement!" growled the Captain.

"The movement of one man an hour. . . . Using it for washing, that's what they are. Do you want us to attack a wash-house? Or perhaps you'd like to lead a party . . .?"

The Senior Captain glared fire. That would squash the young blighter. Suggest work and danger to him. . . .

"Oh, I say, that's very jolly of you . . . but . . . well, perhaps . . ."

The Senior Captain saw them off grimly. He knew how to stop a Staff underling's nonsense. He finished with this gilt-lined idiot. . . .

Only he hadn't. Phillip came back smiling the day after to-morrow.

He came back beautiful and casual, bringing with him a private and a sergeant—a large sergeant with an ever-oyster mouth. He had come back to have a go at that old place, as the Captain had kindly invited . . . the Senior Captain received him with the utmost savagery. He had one bottle of beer left. One bottle, and those were the warm days when one stayed for ages in a trench. Ages in a trench, and this young limb must be taken in and given to drink of that last, precious bottle.

Phillip admired the beer, which was good, but a trifle warm, and asked the Captain for his real, heart-to-heart opinion of the ruined house. Was it really a wash-house? The Senior Captain admitted that he didn't care whether it was a cinema palace, or the home for lost Crown Princes, though he hoped that Phillip would get it severely above the collar when he went meddling out that way.

[Continued overleaf.]



A CANTEEN WORKER: THE HON. NORAH MCGAREL-HOGG.

Miss McGarel-Hogg is a daughter of the second Lord Magheramorne, and was born in 1890. Her mother is now Lady Evelyn Baring, and is a sister of Lord Shaftesbury. Miss McGarel-Hogg is working in the canteen run for the benefit of "Anzac" and other Colonial soldiers by the Victoria League Club, in Regent Street.—[Photo, by Compton Collier.]

JEWELLERS



SILVERSMITHS

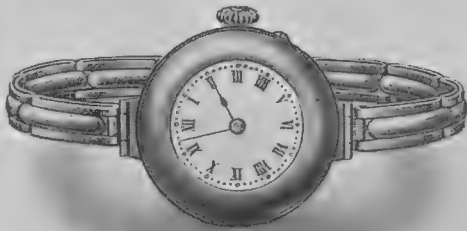
TO H.M. THE KING

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE LTD (A.B. SAVORY & SONS)

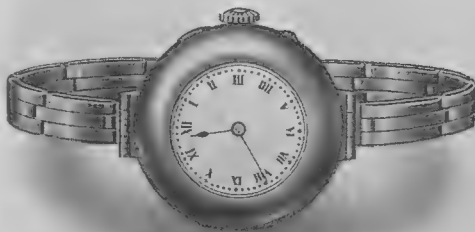
(Established 1751)

Watch Bracelets



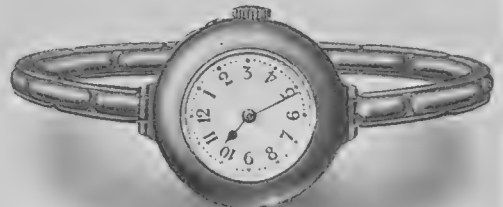
18-carat Gold Keyless Lever Watch, fully jewelled, mounted on 15-carat Gold English-made Expanding Bracelet.

£10 0 0



9-carat Gold Keyless Lever Watch, fully jewelled, mounted on 9-carat Gold English-made Expanding Bracelet.

£5 0 0



18-carat Gold Keyless Lever Watch, mounted on 15-carat Gold English-made Expanding Bracelet.

£15 10 0



18-carat Gold entirely English Keyless Lever Watch, fully jewelled, fitted with Compensated Balance and Breguet Spring on 18-carat Gold English-made Expanding Bracelet.

£18 10 0

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have an exceptionally comprehensive range of Gold Watch Bracelets of latest design and highest quality from £5 upwards.

The newest shape Watches, plain or set with Pearls and Diamonds and mounted on expanding bracelets or silk straps, are included in a display which affords an excellent opportunity for selection.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's watch bracelets are of highest quality and represent the finest value obtainable.

A fully illustrated Catalogue of Watch Bracelets will be sent post free on application.

Only One Address. No Branches.

112, Regent St., London, W.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

REPUTATION

BY

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



THE reputation of the House of Pope & Bradley has been irrevocably established by the war. This is no idle statement, but the indisputable evidence of figures, guaranteed by our chartered accountants, Messrs. Southwell, Tyrell & Co.

The year of 1915 has been a record one for turn-over in the history of the firm. In recommendations from clients alone, and this is the most convincing argument of success, the new business transacted amounted to tens of thousands of pounds during the year, with the result that 1915 shows an increase of 20 per cent. on the previous best. Such an increase in war-time is the more remarkable when it is remembered that Pope & Bradley is a great House, accustomed to dealing with great figures.

In war time reputations are difficult to maintain and easily lost. Throughout the war the House has adhered rigidly to the policy of refusing to supply any officer with any material or article of kit which it cannot guarantee as the best possible to procure. This policy has been maintained not only from commercial instincts, but because it considers it little short of criminal to allow officers to purchase rubbish which the producers must know can never stand the strain of active service.

The prices charged are moderate because they are for net cash, and because the House is probably the largest buyer of officers' khaki in London. The trading profit on the production cost has been reduced to the minimum possible, but if it were double the amount the charges would be correspondingly increased rather than any reduction in the quality would be entertained.

Service Jackets	from £3	13	6
Slacks	"	1	7 6
Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin Strapped)	"	2	12 6
British Warm	"	3	15 0
Waterproof "Trencher"	"	5	15 6

New Naval and Military Kit List, containing particulars of every Service requirement, will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

"Well, y'know, that movement now—don't you make anything of it?"

The Senior Captain made nothing of it, and did not want to make anything of it. The days were too hot and the trenches too dry for arid speculation. But he was slightly interested in Phillip's future. He wanted to know whom he should break the news to at home. Phillip smiled sadly, and suggested that it would be better to have a circular printed, and a mournful copy sent to the address on each of the locks of hair and pig-mascots he had at billets; and then, solemnly and—for the Captain—painfully finishing the bottle, he went out to the large sergeant.

They went off into the night, a little later, and the Senior Captain hoped that in the days to come he would know Phillip no more. This, of course, was counting without Phillip.

Somewhere about two hours after the time of the first Verey flare, noises arose in the night. The ruins of the house on the left abruptly became active. Shouting first. Then the snapping of rifles, then the crack of an automatic—Phillip was of the automatic school—going full time. Then more rifle-shots, more shouting, a confused tumbling, and those melancholy sounds that tell of men retiring. The retiring was done by the enemy.

The Senior Captain sent up a Verey or two, and glared at the ruin. He was exceedingly angry. Not only had this Staff cub been a torment to him in a dry place, not only had he robbed him of the sleep which was a necessity to a stern nature such as his, but he must also get himself into a mess from which he must be rescued.

If he had only gone out and got himself slaughtered respectably with nothing more said, that would not have mattered. But there he was—palpably—with the Germans retiring, and his three conquering rifles (he had taken the Sergeant and the private with him) spitting defiance at the Hun. The Senior Captain would have to take out men, who were more charming asleep, to rescue the little ass. Else the Germans would be coming back in force, and the group at the house would be wiped out.

Using exemplary language, he collected a handful of men, and in person he led them forth. In person would give him the only satisfaction he could hope. He would then be able to speak his mind—and his mind just then was rich and full.

His men got going just as the Saxons came out to the ruin from their trenches. The Saxons were very in earnest, and put much play into their work. There was a brisk time with bomb and bayonet. The Senior Captain and his fellows had to do all they knew. Certainly the Saxons were very much in earnest. All

through the fight the three at the house laboured merrily. They seemed to be in no great anxiety, their rifles did briskly, and went on doing it. The Senior Captain realised that if Phillip was a fool he could fight—though certainly he was a fool to cause all this fuss over nothing.

After about an hour or so the Saxons realised that they were not to have peace at their own terms. Their fighting became less intense. They fell back sullenly. They were driven well into their trenches, and the rescuing party were able to make headway. Tired and exceedingly hot, and more than dry, they forced themselves up to the ruins, and went through the door into the one habitable room. Here the dauntless and asinine three—or their mangled bodies—should be found. In the light of the electric torches they found the private, a single private, torn and tired, but smiling.

The Senior Captain glared at him.

"The Lieutenant," he cried. "Where is the body of the Lieutenant?"

"Body, Sir? No body, Sir. Mr. Manwaering is down below with the Sergeant, Sir."



DAUGHTER OF LADY DEWAR, WIFE OF SIR JOHN DEWAR, Bt., M.P. : MISS IRENE DEWAR. Miss Irene Dewar is the daughter of Sir John Alexander Dewar by his second marriage, and was born in 1908. Lady Dewar was Miss Margaret Holland. Sir John has been Lord Provost of Perth twice; and M.P. for Inverness-shire since the end of 1900.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

The Captain thought that perhaps he was down below, deep and hot down below, but he was about to ask the fellow to be more explicit when Phillip arrived.

Phillip was genuinely glad to see him. He cried:

"Hallo! Awfully decent of you to come along. Saves trouble. Could I borrow a working-party?"

The Senior Captain was too rushed to speak his mind. He could only gasp platitudes.

"My God, Sir," he snarled, "why should I lend you a working-party? Why in heaven's name, Sir, do you want a detonative working-party from me?"

"Oh, you know," said Phillip cheerily. "To carry the stuff away—the beer."

"The beer?" cried the Senior Captain in awe.

"About four dozen of beer—all they left, you know. I want to cart it off."

"Beer," said the Captain, "here—beer?"

"Why not, eh? *Estaminet*, y' know. Pub, y' know—oh, but you thought it was a wash-house, so you did."

The Senior Captain was beginning to realise he was confronting a master mind. "Isn't it a wash-house?" he muttered feebly. "How did you know it wasn't a wash-house?"

"Oh, deduction—strong line of mine. Two and two together and all that. When I saw the movement—you remember I saw some movement—I looked at it hard through my glasses. I saw men coming away from this ruin carrying—objects. Long objects—narrowish at the butt, Might be bombs, I thought, rather like air-bombs to look at; but that didn't fit in, eh? Well, back at H.Q. I strained over a map. There was the ruin marked all right. An *estaminet*—pub; you see. That began to give me a new angle for looking at those bombs. Then I

turned up your reports—you have no idea how neatly we keep your memos. Really pretty, you should drop in and see how we do you for posterity . . . well, your reports don't say much about bombing attacks, not one in a fortnight (but you haven't been there a fortnight, I know. All the trench reports are tacked together, though). On the other hand, you (and the other men) report much singing and merriment at nights. Convivial evenings on a fair scale . . . that fits in, too. And last night—that is after I had seen them carrying the long objects, narrowish at the butt—you had another sing-song from over the way. An' you noted, very acutely, that the singing and the rest was strangely wild and hilarious. That was the final clue. It all fitted in with an *estaminet*, that, being half shelled only, might have its cellars—and stock—intact. I put the clues together, and I am right. Oh, very right."

"Ah," said the Senior Captain feelingly. "Ah, and the beer is here, and you want a working-party to carry it back to the trench. Good."

"Not at all," said Phillip. "I want a working-party to carry it back to H.Q. We are powerfully short of the necessities of life at H.Q. I have told the General of my surmises, and he gave me orders to requisition the lot for H.Q. AND I was to get my working-party from you."

"My working-party to take this—this precious fluid from my trench—well I'm . . ."

"Headquarters has spoken," said Phillip mournfully.

"But—but it's my trench," said the Senior Captain hopelessly.

"And my idea," smiled Phillip blandly. "Ideas win. None but the brainy deserve—as you know. Can you let me have that party one time? The General was curiously anxious . . . Oh, thanks . . ."

Singularly enough, the Senior Captain has only become more vicious in his outlook on juniors since. Ideas, it appears, do not soften his heart.

THE END.



DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT (FORMERLY MISS ZENA DARE): MISS ANGELA BRETT.

The marriage of Miss Florence Harriette Zena Dones (otherwise Miss Zena Dare, the famous musical-comedy actress) and the Hon. Maurice Brett, younger son of Lord Esher, took place in January 1911. Little Miss Angela Mariel Balfour Brett was born in October 1911. She has a brother, Antony, born in 1913.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



PROTECTION

PROTECTION IS PRESERVATION FROM HARM,
ANNOYANCE OR DISAPPOINTMENT.

Tootals some years ago determined to produce a popular priced range of Guaranteed Cotton Fabrics of superior style and quality that would protect the public from unsound goods offered to meet a clamour for "something cheap"—something merely to "sell at a price."

The Tootal Guaranteed Lines listed here are the result of this enterprise. They are all Selvedge-Marked or Plainly Labelled to enable the public easily to identify them in the shops throughout the world, where they may be bought at a modest price in full confidence that they will prove true, sound and wholly satisfactory in wash and wear.

This Tootal Policy of Protection has steadily grown in popularity with the trade and the public, proving that most people appreciate getting and giving sound value.

ANY TOOTAL MARK IS A GUARANTEE OF SOUND
VALUE—A PROTECTION FROM DISAPPOINTMENT.

TOOTAL GUARANTEED COTTON FABRICS

SOLD BY HIGH-CLASS
DRAPERS & OUTFITTERS.

TOBRALCO: A silky dress fabric in a choice range of white and colored designs for all purposes.

TOOTAL PIQUE: Double Width. Soft and supple. Strengthened between ribs. In white and colors.

TARANTULLE: For Dainty Home-sewn Lingerie and Baby-wear. In three weights—40 inches wide.

TOOTAL SHIRTS FOR MEN: Ready to wear. Money back if they lose color.

TOOTAL SHIRTINGS for ladies' and children's wear. Wide range of patterns—32 inches wide.

LISSUE HANDKERCHIEFS for ladies. Dainty exquisite self-white and indelible color border designs.

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS for men. Correct self-white and exclusive indelible color border designs.

TOOTAL CLOTH: The guaranteed velvet fabric—more supple than silk velvet.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO., LTD., MANCHESTER.

LONDON, 132, Cheapside, E.C.; PARIS, 42, Rue des Jeuneurs; NEW YORK, 387, 4th Avenue; TORONTO, 726, Empire Buildings; MONTREAL, 45, St. Alexander Street.

OVERSEAS AGENTS.

AUSTRALASIA: MELBOURNE, Stoddard & Sons, Pty. Ltd., Finks Buildings, SYDNEY, Stoddard & Sons, Pty. Ltd., York Street.

NEW ZEALAND: WELLINGTON, J. Gruar & Co., 69, Victoria Street.

SOUTH AFRICA: CAPE TOWN, West and Robinson, P.O. Box 530. JOHANNESBURG, Transvaal, West & Robinson, P.O. Box 2805.

1270



Delta
140-11/9

Her New Shoes

"NEW shoes I must have," she says, reviewing her wardrobe. "A nice pair that will see me through the Summer without getting shabby. Now I wonder—!"

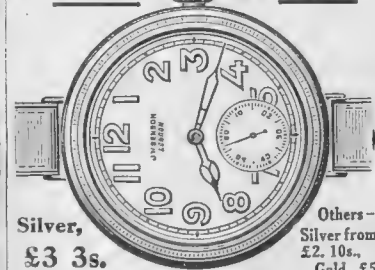
Then she remembers some friend said Delta were good, and hadn't she seen an awfully nice pair in a shop-window?

So out she goes and buys this pair of Delta. And the oftener she wears them the better she is pleased.

Delta

Agents everywhere
Letters: Lotus Limited, Stafford
Manufacturers of Delta and Lotus Shoes

THE OLD PRICES.
J. W. BENSON'S
LUMINOUS
'ACTIVE SERVICE' WATCH
VISIBLE AT NIGHT.



Silver, £3 3s. Others—Silver from £2. 10s. Gold, £5

Fine quality Lever movement, in strong Silver SCREW Case, Dust and Damp Proof.
WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.
New fully illustrated List of Wristlet Watches, Rings, Jewels, etc., free.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

LEVEL

CHEESE

Delicious, health-giving and economical.
No rind, no waste and

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.

6½d. each from Grocers and Dairymen.

Mr. Asquith, Mr. McKenna, and the Financial Secretary to the Treasury have repeatedly said:

"Don't buy imported inessentials."

Imported Motor Tyres are inessentials

There are ample supplies of Moseley and other British-made motor tyres immediately available for all purposes.

To buy imported tyres now increases our national indebtedness abroad—needlessly.

No imported tyres were ever better than British-made Moseley tyres; certainly there are none better to-day.



Moreover, imported tyres are sold unguaranteed, while every Moseley Grooved Motor Tyre is guaranteed to give a minimum service of 3000 miles.

MOSELEY

The Moseley Grooved Motor Tyre is a proved highly efficient non-skid; the tread is an entirely original design based on many years' experience and experiment, and by its special construction the Moseley Grooved Tyre retains its non-skid properties until the tyre is completely worn down.

For full list of prices and particulars of guarantee see Moseley Motor Tyre Catalogue, Post Free.

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LIMITED,
CHAPEL FIELD WORKS, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

Also at: London—51 and 52, Aldermanbury; Manchester—2, 4, and 6, New Brown Street; Glasgow—126, Ingram Street; Birmingham—4, Lancaster Street, Corporation Street; Dublin—16, William Street; Newcastle-on-Tyne—44 and 46, High Bridge.

C.W.H.



He sent for this himself

He knew what a boon it would be, this Theatre, Music-Hall, Concert-Room and Band in one—how it would be appreciated by his brother officers and by the men.

He had seen the "Decca" and heard it, and had marvelled at its powerful, rich tone, its clear reproduction, its lightness, and portability.

"Just the gramophone for us," he thought; "a high-grade instrument carried with ease anywhere, and ready to play immediately opened."

So he ordered one. But if only his friends had known, how gladly would they have sent it.

THE DECCA

THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.

A high-grade Instrument adapted to modern requirements. Incomparably the best gramophone for the Front, for the Fleet, and for Hospitals. A treasure also in any home. Takes all makes and sizes of Needle Records.

In Leather-Cloth Case.	Compressed Fibre Case.	Solid Cow-hide Case.
£3 10s.	£4 10s.	£7 10s.

Of Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Gamage's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers.

Illustrated Folder and name of nearest agent free on application to the Manufacturers:—

THE DULCEPHONE CO.,
32, Worship St., London, E.C.

THE
GIFT
THAT
WILL
GLADDEN
MANY.



On Sea and Land and in the Air

Hazel & Co.

have during the Great War added to their great reputation for

Officers' Clothing and Equipment

This is largely owing to the fact that Hazel's have been making Service Kits for 100 years. THEY were prepared.

The Hazel Kit is the recognised standard of DURABILITY, ECONOMY and TASTE for Officers from every part of the Empire. Materials to suit all climates for all services.

CALL OR WRITE FOR PRICE LISTS AND PATTERNS.

HAZEL & CO., THE KIT HOUSE,

Actual Makers of Leather Aviation Outfits.

4, PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telephones: Mayfair 4071 and 4072.

300 RETAILERS SELL HAZEL KIT.



FITTED BAGS

Every fitted bag we sell is of the same high standard that much-travelled people have praised for many years past.

Only selected hides are used in their making, therefore they stand the hardest wear. All fittings are of the fine finish which is characteristic of Mappin & Webb productions.

Pictured here is a Lady's 18-inch Finest Morocco Fitted Travelling Case, containing a complete Service of Engine Turned Solid Silver Toilet requisites, an Eight-Day Timepiece and writing materials.

£25 : 0 : 0

Send for Catalogue.

Mappin & Webb

LTD.

Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.

158-162, OXFORD STREET, W.

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

172, REGENT STREET, W.

Think!

Benger's Food nourishes in conditions when other foods cannot be absorbed.

Think what this means in the crisis of illness, when not only the kind of food given, but the amount of it, must be medically judged with the greatest care.

Benger's Food is distinct from all others in that it contains natural digestive agents. While you prepare it, these so act upon both the Food and the fresh milk used, that, when Benger's is ready to serve, the earlier stages of digestion have been accomplished.

BENGER'S
FOOD

assists nature. — Infants thrive on it, Delicate & Aged persons enjoy it.

Sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

B271

'Benger's Food and How to Use it,' an authoritative booklet on the feeding of Infants Invalids and the Aged, post free from—

BENGER'S FOOD LTD. MANCHESTER.
Branch Offices: NEW YORK (U.S.A.)
90, Beekman St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt St.
and depôts throughout Canada

The Sovereign
WHISKY
of the Age



"Four Crowns"
Regd. Trade Mark

"Four Crown"
Whisky

Sole Proprietors:

Robert Brown,
Limited.

Glasgow & London.

WOMAN'S WAYS

Australia
Advances.

There are many entertaining sidelights on social life in Australia in the new play at His Majesty's Theatre. We wonder if the aristocracy of Melbourne and Sydney will endorse them? Certainly the Labour Premier (who is called "Bill" by all the characters) is a highly attractive person as played by Mr. Bouchier—immeasurably superior, outwardly and inwardly, to some representatives of Labour we see in effete Europe, and altogether above the minx-like widow who proposes to him. I incline to think that he would have had too much common-sense to marry the lady, whose views on life and manners, when coldly examined, are about on a par with those of an English milliner's girl. Miss Kyrle Bellew rightly makes Mrs. Pretty a Puck-like, irresponsible, light-hearted creature, and provides us with some Romney pictures of floating skirts, backward glances, loose curls, and floppy hats. Now it is quite certain that after the War social England will more closely resemble Australia than the England of a decade ago, so that we should set to work to reconsider our outlook on life. "Mrs. Pretty and the Premier" may be an object-lesson on Democracy which we should do well to heed, and, moreover, we may get some idea of how the strange times coming will "work out" on this portion of the globe's surface.

Brighton Nearly
as Usual.

A unit of some five cyclist-rifles is in charge of the Palace Pier at Brighton, with a small ambuscade to shoot over, and this, with a few Indian wounded on the front and a great multitude of officers in khaki on Sunday in the big hotels, is all there is to show that England is in the middle of a gigantic war. Brighton is great at keeping up its spirits. At no time of year, and in no circumstances, is it depressed, and it never looks out-of-season or dowdy. In this respect it can go one better than London, which is apt to look dingy and fatigued in a hot or damp summer. Then the Métropole at Brighton always reminds one of a musical comedy, so amazing are the ladies—just like the pictures in *The Sketch*; while nowadays the preponderance of uniforms gives the lounge and luncheon-rooms the most gallant air in the world. There are fluffy little creatures with short velvet frocks, whose hands are apparently sewn into slit front pockets, other ladies who you will wager are Mlle Delysia, but who turn out to be only imitations thereof, and high boots which are worth coming a long way to see. It is all very cheering and refreshing to soldiers from the trenches, who go there as they go to revues, just to laugh and smoke and forget.

That Roumanian
Waiter.

You do not see many signs of war economies about the smart restaurants nowadays, for luncheon is the principal form of entertainment, and the hordes of guests look far from depressed or anxious. The chief change from peaceful times is the ubiquitous Roumanian waiter (all the male youth of that indecisive country must be over here waiting or hair-dressing), and, in view of the license laws, his pressing liqueur-bottles upon your notice before you have finished your cutlet or chicken. This is all to the good, for not the most hardened toper could help himself to green chartreuse in the middle of eating curried fowl, and in the end we shall find that all England will become abstemious.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

The Tiresome
Telephone.

Why Caroline? The question puzzles me. We all to some extent associate Christian names with types, and Caroline does not seem at all to fit the wayward, fascinating, luxurious, modish grass widow, Mrs. Ashley, separated for ten years from her husband chiefly, it appears, because he suffered from adenoids. Not exactly flattering to Caroline that he preferred separation from her to separation from his adenoids, and during the ten years Robert Oldham paid a kind of courtship to her—strictly proper, of course, with an understanding that they were to be married on the death of her husband. The first act of Mr. Maugham's new play, which shows the embarrassment of Robert and Caroline when news comes of the death of Mr. Ashley, was quite delightful. Witty dialogue, clever satirical studies of character, handled with great technical skill—what more could one ask? Nothing, perhaps, except suppression of the telephone. Oh, how I wish there were a law prohibiting the use of the telephone on the stage, or at least collecting revenue by a tremendous tax upon its employment. Half the modern apparent advance in technique is due to the assistance rendered by the 'phone! After this brilliant act the author shows remarkable skill in keeping his cynical light comedy in motion. It is one of those pieces which, like a top, will fall if they cease to move. There are clever scenes, and skilful repetitions with nice differences, and a most ingenious avoidance of the stogy, except, perhaps, in the doctor's device. No wonder we all laughed; and some of us think of going to see it again.



VERY LIKE LAMBS! BEDLINGTON TERRIERS
ARRIVING FOR CRUFT'S DOG-SHOW.

"Everyman's Book of the Dog" tells us that the Bedlington is one of the least known of the terrier family. He is very intelligent, companionable, and enduring. His early history is not clear, but the weight of evidence suggests that Dandies and Bedlingtons had a common origin. The first Bedlington known as such was commented upon in 1825. He grows long hair, "like a sheep-dog out of coat," and has to be trimmed for show purposes.—[Photograph by Topical.]

lary plot to assist; and also even to thwart the English love of the sentimental, for in the end we find Caroline pretending that her husband was not dead, because she has come to the conclusion that she would get more fun out of life, as the unattainable than as the wife of her admirer, the gentleman who did not want to be gay, but wanted to be able to be gay if he wanted to be gay. Of course there is a certain philosophic trend in the play, but this need not

The Courage of the
Unconventional.

"Caroline" is, I think, the finest achievement of its author, and in some respects the most ambitious. It needed great daring to write a play with so slight an intrigue and not even introduce an ancil-

lary plot to assist; and also even to thwart the English love of the sentimental, for in the end we find Caroline pretending that her husband was not dead, because she has come to the conclusion that she would get more fun out of life, as the unattainable than as the wife of her admirer, the gentleman who did not want to be gay, but wanted to be able to be gay if he wanted to be gay. Of course there is a certain philosophic trend in the play, but this need not bother the play-goer, since it is not forced upon him. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is just the actress the Londoner would have chosen for the part of Caroline. Her skill, her charm, her gift for holding the stage, the ease and certainty with which she obtains her effects, enabled her to realise the author's ideas of the character perfectly. Mr. Leonard Boyne's distinct personality caused him



IN CLUB COSTUME: MEMBERS OF THE SNOW-SHOE CLUB OF CANADA ATTENDING A SPECIAL CHURCH SERVICE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

to give a remarkably effective picture of Robert, the middle-aged bachelor, horribly afraid of marriage and its sacrifices. Miss Lillah McCarthy, wearing costumes that staggered the house, gave a quaint, comic picture of Maude Fulton, the somewhat undesirable friend of Caroline. Miss Nina Sevensing played agreeably as another friend of quite a different character. Mr. Dion Boucicault's sketch of a fashionable lady's doctor was quite a little gem. After saying this of the players individually, may I add that collectively they were rather tiresome by their constant change of seats? English people do not play musical chairs all the time.



THE CHILDREN'S SHOP

Wash Suits for Boys and Girls

(These cannot be repeated nor special orders undertaken.)

For
JILL

Practical Kilted Suit in Harris Linen and Zephyr, also in check Gingham, white tops.

For girls of 3 to 9

Price 12/6 carriage paid.

Colours: Bieze, Grey, Sky, Saxe, Golden Brown, Lichen Green, Rose, Dk. Helio.



For
JACK

Fascinating Button-on Suit of Harris Linen, with White Hair Cord Zephyr.

For boys of 2 to 6

Price 10/6 carriage paid.

Colours: Bieze, Grey, Sky, Saxe, Golden Brown, Lichen Green, Rose, Dk. Helio.

ROWE

106, NEW BOND STREET, W.

The Care of the Sick.

ILLNESS demands much care in the feeding of the patient. Again in Convalescence, or when the Digestion becomes impaired through Worry, Overstrain, or as the result of any other cause, the question of suitable food is of the utmost importance, if health is to be regained. Aged persons also need to pay special attention to their dietary, particularly to the last meal at night; this should be such as to ensure quiet and refreshing sleep and digestive rest. The food selected for use in all these cases must be palatable, easy of digestion, wholly nourishing and speedily restorative.

For Invalids, Dyspeptics and the Aged.

The Allenburys' DIET

Made Immediately by adding boiling water only.

Quite Distinct from the 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants.

The 'Allenburys' Diet embodies all the essential requirements of a complete nourishment in the highest degree. It supersedes cow's milk and the usual invalid's foods and enjoys the recommendation of the medical profession because it possesses the following advantages:-

1. The 'Allenburys' Diet presents the vital elements of a complete food, viz:—pure, rich, full-cream milk and whole wheat in a palatable form.

2. The 'Allenburys' Diet is digested with ease, being manufactured with scrupulous care by a special process, during which the ingredients are partially predigested. Thus the DIET can be readily assimilated by the most delicate, and when taken last thing at night it is surprisingly helpful in promoting restful sleep.

3. The 'Allenburys' Diet is exceptionally nutritious. Under its use, weight and strength increase and complete nutrition is secured.

4. The 'Allenburys' Diet entails no elaborate process in its preparation; this has all been provided for and **only boiling water** need be added to render it **instantly ready for use**.

A Large Sample sent Free on Request.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
37, Lombard St., London
Established 1715.

In tins at 1/6, 3/- and 6/- each of all Chemists.

Copyright. D66



DAINTY LINGERIE

Copied from an exclusive Paris Model, and made by our own highly skilled English and Belgian workers.

NIGHTDRESS (as sketch), in thick soft Triple nion, with deep yoke of double material, edged with Valenciennes insertion. With the new Greek sleeve, finished ribbon bows. In sky, champagne, white, and flesh pink.

39/6

Also in our well-known pure Silk English Crêpe-de-Chine, 49/6

NEW CAP, in Greek style, 18/9

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality for Value



The Illustrated London News FINE-ART PLATES, PHOTOGRAVURES, etc.

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

172, STRAND, W.C.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge, most agreeable to take FOR

CONSTIPATION

Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD (Corner of Castle Street), LONDON, S.E.

Sold by all Chemists, 2/9 a box



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The Meal of the War-time Day.

Anyone making a round of the best restaurants at lunch-time would find it difficult to realise that any cloud lay over the land. It is the hour of relaxation when workers in scores of different causes meet for the meal of the day and discuss it under the most favourable digestive conditions—those of talk and laughter. It may on the surface of it look extravagant, but if one could, without impertinence, examine the food it would be found for the most part plain and simple and the drinks inexpensive. The price of a luncheon at a celebrated West End restaurant seems exorbitant to working people, but all are working people nowadays; only the richer folk do not get paid, and eating and drinking, like clothing and conveyance, is comparative in price. If the well-off voluntary workers invaded cheap restaurants we should think them mean. What the war has done is to keep the people who would go to the most expensive places for food, although they could not afford it, out of them.

Ease and Elegance.

To the inventor of a gown into which one can slip with absolute ease, and which possesses not a single fastening, great gratitude is due. When one can state, in addition, that these gowns, patented under the name of "Eciruam," are so smart and elegant that women not only feel, but look their best in them, then thankfulness knows no bounds. The highest-placed women in England are now busy workers. The delight to them to get home after their labours and slip quickly into one of these charming dresses, after a bath and a rest, is proved by the enthusiastic way in which they have taken to them. In materials and styles these frocks are in the van of fashion. So great is their success that their inventor and sole maker — Maurice, 43, South Molton Street, W.—is going to America to open a branch there. The prices are most moderate, from 3½ guineas in soft satin mousseline or cashmere. The mode of the moment is closely followed in them, and a new catalogue and new models are ready for the early spring. A lovely frock was in nigger taffeta, with panels on the full skirt, and upperskirt of a fancy striped silk that looked like embroidery; there was a stand-up frill and ends of chiffon very daintily finished. Another is in black taffeta brocade, a beautiful fabric; it has a gold lace collar, and is caught at one side with a gold rose, and has a gold embroidered tie. Maurice is not only an inventor but a remarkably clever designer, and his blouses and little coatees in chiffon and other fabrics, rendering the dresses fit for outdoor wear, are smart and fascinating in the extreme. The cleverness of the Eciruam arrangement lies in its simplicity, which makes one wonder, as have all practical and useful modern inventions, why it has never been done before. Although these dresses are made for every occasion, their special suitability for rest, invalid, and maternity gowns is at once apparent.

Boot Parade.

A sunny day in Bond Street brings about an unconscious parade of neat and natty boots. Said a man who knows how a woman ought to dress, and is very much *au fait* on all effective points, "Heads are out of the running;

the feet have it all their own way." That is all right as far as it goes; the high, tightly buttoned boots, with tops of delicate-tinted cloth, and patent vamps and court heels, are, as feet should be, all in the running. Heads, however, are all-important too, and may, in American parlance, be said to be "in the butting." If heads and feet be smart and the dress-lines correct, well, there you have a very nice thing; but the extremities must balance, and so I told this man. "Give me the feet and you can have the heads," was his ill-considered answer. I reminded him that feet were "in the kicking," but he did not seem afraid. Bluebeard may have all the heads for him.

Things Agin Us.

There are things against women who fulfil a very important part of their duty by making the best of themselves. Wind and fog are some of these enemies, and are most active just now. Dirt in the pores and dryness and roughness of the surface of the skin are badly "agin us." Happily, there are antidotes. Mrs. Hemming, the great skin specialist, whose splendid preparations for cultivating and preserving

natural beauty are known as the Cyclax remedies, and are found at 58, South Molton Street, W., has things specially good for successfully combating these evils. Skin-food, special lotion, and complexion milk, used as directed, will cleanse the pores and keep the skin moist, healthy, smooth, and soft, and, as it always should be, ornamental and attractive. There is no kind of skin that cannot be brought to perfection by care and attention and the use of such preparations as those of the Cyclax Company. A matter of importance, also, is cleansing out stains on the neck from furs and high collars. Cyclax Clensene is the finest thing in the world for this purpose. It is harmless to the skin, swift and effective in result, and costs but 6s. 6d. a bottle.

THE CHARM OF THE NEW BLOUSES.

Seen above are two varieties of this season's blouses, both carried out in orchid-pink crêpe-de-Chine. In the left-hand blouse will be noticed the revival of honeycombing as a trimming; and a charming effect is given to that on the right by a waistcoat of Pompadour silk weighted down with silk tassels.

skin, swift and effective in result, and costs but 6s. 6d. a bottle.

Musicians and those associated with them will like to know that the new edition for 1916 of the "Musical Directory, Annual, and Almanack" has been published by Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Co., 23, Berners Street. It is the sixty-fourth annual issue of this well-known and useful book of reference.

Among new annuals that have grown out of the war a very useful one is "The British Dominions Year-Book" for 1916, published by the British Dominions General Insurance Company, 1, Royal Exchange Avenue. It is a development of the "War Facts and Figures" which they brought out last year, and deals largely with the business aspects of the war. The editors, Mr. Edward Salmon and Mr. James Worsfold, have collected a large amount of useful matter, literary and pictorial, including a number of signed articles by well known experts, such as Mr. F. T. Jane, Sir Leo Chiozza Money, Sir Laurence Gomme; many other articles, and a "Who's Who in the War." The illustrations comprise maps, diagrams, and colour-plates of Service badges and decorations.



Economise ! Once more let me tell you of these two bottles and their contents.

On my right is *MELTONIAN CREAM*, the *supremely economical* polish for Patent, Box Calf and Glacé Boots and Shoes. Because it preserves and feeds the leather more effectively than any other preparation; it is quick and clean in use, and only the smallest quantity is required.

When you use *MELTONIAN CREAM* your boots last longer and look smarter right to the end. Cheap polishes dry and crack the leather.

Meltonian Cream

goes right into the leather and feeds it. What Meltonian Cream does for Black Leather, *LUTETIAN CREAM*, on my left, does for Brown. In light, dark, extra dark (toney red). Unequalled for Sam Browne Belts, leggings, etc.

If any difficulty, send for nearest retailer's address to
E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Garrick Street, London.



An every-day incident near the fighting line.

HORLICK'S RATION OF MALTED MILK TABLETS

A round, air-tight tin weighing 7 ozs. and containing 80 highly compressed tablets:—this is Horlick's 24-Hour Ration. From 10 to 20 tablets dissolved in the mouth as required supply the nourishment given by an ordinary meal, and they quickly restore energy and vitality. The contents of one tin are sufficient to maintain strength and vigour for 24 hours without any other food, and, in addition, the tablets relieve thirst. Think in how many ways an emergency ration such as this would be useful to every soldier!

Price 1/6 each,
post free to any address at the Front.

Send one to YOUR Soldier

We will send post free to ANY address at the Front a tin of these delicious and sustaining food tablets on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also state your own name and address, and write plainly.

Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State whether serving with British or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks



FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR USE DARA

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT
SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS

A CLIENT WRITES:—

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" Treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain,
Yours gratefully,—

(Original of above, and also other Testimonials, can be seen.)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home

Prices 10/6 & 21/6 (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT 92, NEW BOND STREET,
(Oxford St. End) LONDON, W.

Telephone—GERRARD 3782

Also PARIS & NEW YORK



FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR

The "BURLINGTON."

CAN BE INSTANTLY
CHANGED INTO
A SEMI OR FULL
LENGTH COUCH.

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The sides open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use it slides under the seat.



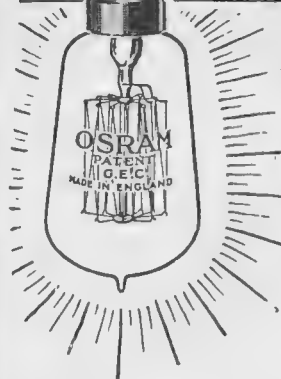
Automatic Adjustable Back.

Catalogue C13 of Adjustable Chairs Post Free

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., 171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.



Where Osrams are made—The Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London.



The Premier

is the dominant factor in the nation's councils. OSRAM is the dominant lamp in the nation's homes and workshops. British workers make it. The British public demand it. OSRAM is England's premier lamp.

Osram

DRAWN WIRE
Lamps

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

CROSSING THE BORDERS: DETACHABILITY AND DISCS: THE "TRAP" GRIEVANCE.

Those Perforated Discs.

Full compliance with the new Order issued by the Home Office as to motor-car lights is proving an affair of no small difficulty. It is a simple enough matter to keep a piece of tissue-paper permanently pasted on the front lens, but the trouble comes when, first, the lamp has to be shrouded sufficiently for Metropolitan requirements, and secondly, when the perforated disc has to be fitted for use in passing through the areas defined in Schedule II. If one were always driving in a given area, whether Metropolitan, Schedule I., or Schedule II., the lamp could be adapted to the district and left undisturbed; but when borders have to be crossed the question of adjustability is not easily overcome. For London the best way is to insert further thicknesses of tissue-paper, not pasted down, but secured by the edges of the lamp-face; but the correct degree of obscuration is not scientifically ascertainable so long as New Scotland Yard refuses to inform us how it calculates a thirty-yards beam. The perforated disc, however, is in many cases a decided problem. It can be attached readily enough, by means of two projecting leather tabs (as used in the samples issued by the A.A. and M.U.), to oil or acetylene lamps with hinged fronts; but in the case of electric lamps with screwed-on lenses the matter is altogether different.

Here the difficulty arises of fixing the perforated disc close up to the lens, as required, without using gum or any other adhesive, and so making the attachment permanent. Do as one will, the disc will drop backwards or sideways, and so allow light to escape, whenever the lens is screwed home. Apparently, one must either carry about a gum-pot and a brush or else use the old-fashioned wafers; but these are not easy to obtain, having long since fallen into desuetude. Moreover, even if one could attach the disc in a more or less slight fashion, each time it were removed the tissue-paper next the glass would be damaged and would have to be renewed. And, incidentally, it is not easy to understand why three fittings should be regarded as essential; Central London might have the perforated discs, if necessary—though that is doubtful; and for the greater portion of the police district, which is thirty miles across and semi-rural in many places, the simple tissue-paper should suffice.

How to Make a Disc.

As the Defence of the Realm Order as to lights

is to be extended from to-day (Feb. 16) to the central and north-western areas of England, there will be an additional number of motorists wrestling with the study of the official instructions which their southern confrères have already absorbed. It may save some amount of trouble to the newcomers if I point out the easiest way of dividing up the opaque card so as to conform to the proviso which states that the distance between the perforated holes and the centre must not be less than one quarter the diameter of the lens. As a maximum lens of six inches is allowed, certain people have pointed out that the distance between any two apertures must in that case be three inches, or one-and-a-half inches to the centre; and this has led owners of smaller lamps to make proportional calculations in vulgar fractions. There is no need, however, to deal in figures at all. Take a card and a pair of compasses, and first inscribe a circle larger than the lens, whatever that may be, if less than six inches. Then describe a circle the exact size of the lens as visible from the front. Draw a radius, bisect it, and describe a circle through the bisection. Now make another circle exactly half-an-inch wider, and you have the lines between which the six apertures must be perforated at equal distances. The outer edge of the card now only needs to be trimmed to fit within the lamp as best one may.



A SHOOTING STAR! MISS LUCILLE TAFT, DAUGHTER OF EX-PRESIDENT TAFT, WHO LOOPED THE LOOP AT 2000 FEET ALTITUDE.

Miss Lucille Taft, who is seen standing by the side of her aeroplane, learned the art of flying under the direction of Aviator Beeche, and on New Year's Day she went aloft near the Gaumont Studios, South Jacksonville, and looped the loop three times, 2000 feet up over the St. John's River. The Director of the Studios was inclined to reprimand her for risking not only her life, but also a 20,000-dollar machine, but added quietly, "And besides, we don't wish to lose you."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood, New York.

Mr. Hopkins and Useless Trapping.

To the credit of the Metropolitan magistrates be it said, several of them have from time to time criticised the methods of New Scotland Yard in administering the lights regulations, in spite of which they still await a legal definition of a "powerful" light in the London area; out of London, of course, the question is mechanically settled by the prescribed screens and discs. Now Mr. Hopkins, of Bow Street, has been making caustic comment on the police-trapping methods in St. James's Park, and the manner in which the summonses have been issued. It appears that a driver who was waylaid on Constitution Hill was not summoned under the Parks Regulations for exceeding the local limit, but under Section I. of the Motor-Car Act for driving to the common danger. Not only was this a straining of the Act, but Mr. Hopkins commented on the absurdity of setting a trap in a quiet spot like St. James's Park, and said that the law was being used too stringently against the public. Motorists will readily endorse this.



KEEPING THE FACTORY FIRES BURNING: LADIES WHO KEEP MUNITION WORKS GOING OVER THE WEEK-ENDS, INCLUDING AN M.P.'S WIFE.

The war has brought about countless cases of women at the wheel, and they are doing the work allotted to them with both skill and devotion. Our photograph shows a number of ladies engaged in the all-important work of munition-making, toiling on Sunday, "somewhere in Scotland," as otherwise the work would not be kept going over the week-end, and invaluable time would be lost. The lady seen facing the camera on the left is Mrs. Godfrey Collins, whose husband is Liberal Member of Parliament for an important Scottish Burgh.

Photograph by C.N.

The Necessity for Good Inner Tubes

THE inner tube is the vital part of a tyre, and if it is not of first-class quality, trouble is bound to ensue. "Cheap" tubes are apt to crack or perish, and a common fault is that they become porous after a very short time, and are then absolutely useless. Make certain of obtaining the best tube service by fitting

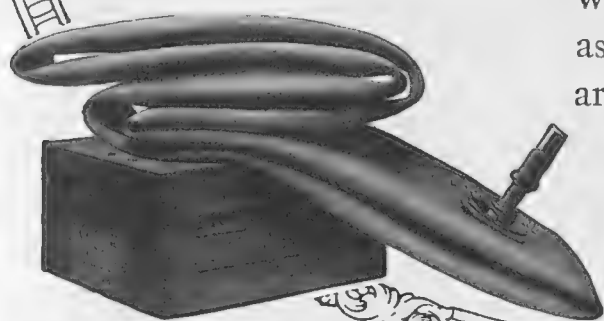
Every Wood-Milne Tube is perfect, and is sold with a **GUARANTEE THAT FOR 12 MONTHS** from date of sale it will neither crack nor perish.

Wood-Milne Grey Motor Tubes

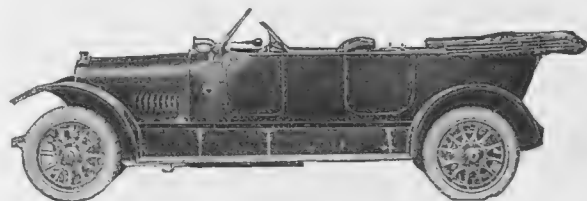
which are made from the finest rubber, and as an additional safeguard against leakage are fitted with our "Embedded" valve patch.

WOOD-MILNE, LTD., PRESTON.

Telegrams: "Comfort, Preston." Phone: Preston 413.
LONDON - MANCHESTER AVENUE, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.
Telegrams: "Byturning, London." Phone: City 4797.
BRISTOL BIRMINGHAM BELFAST DUBLIN GLASGOW.



M527



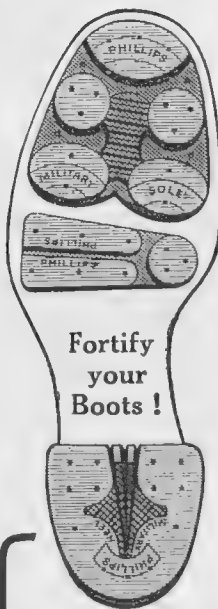
The Supreme SUNBEAM

EXPERIENCE tells. The unique experience of the Sunbeam Company is proving of supreme importance in the design and manufacture of Sunbeam Cars and ambulances, Sunbeam-Coatalen Aircraft Motors, and complete flying machines. When Sunbeam cars are again available for private purchase, the record of their achievements will be worth remembering.



THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., Ltd.,
WOLVERHAMPTON. Manchester: 112, Deansgate.
London & District Agents for cars: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.

Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam Cars as standard.



Fortify
your
Boots!

PHILLIPS' 'MILITARY' SOLES & HEELS

Patent.

Designs registrd

- THIN rubber plates, with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear.
- The rubber used is six times more durable than leather.
- Phillips' 'Military' Soles and Heels impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, lessen fatigue, and are essential to 'marching comfort.' Feet kept dry in wet weather.

INVALUABLE to MILITARY and NAVAL OFFICERS.
IDEAL for GOLF, SHOOTING and COUNTRY WEAR.

Lieut.-Colonel W. E. LLOYD, 19 (S) Bn. Manchester
Regt. writes, Sept. 6, 1915:-

"Their durability is intense. . . . Undoubtedly they last several times longer than a leather sole.

"The smoothness of tread is a revelation. . . . They prevent slipping, and I cannot speak too highly of them."

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

Price 3/9 per Set (Soles and Heels for one pair of Boots) with slight extra charge for fixing. If any difficulty in obtaining, send outline of sole and heel pencilled on paper, with P.O. 3/9 for Sample Set to the Makers:-

PHILLIPS' PATENTS, LTD. (DEPT. G1),
142-6, Old Street, London, E.C.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

(Continued.)

THE latest programme of "The Pioneer Players" is not one of their best, and in the three pieces composing it there does not seem to be "a winner." The cleverest is a Russian farce, "The Dear Departing," which deals with a mass of people watching a man who seems in danger of falling amongst them from a high rock. There is a great deal of cleverness and rather wild humour in the attitude towards the affair of the many spectators. The farcical turn is based upon the fact that the man is in no danger at all, being merely fastened to the rocks by an inn-keeper as a means of attracting customers. I rather think that the piece was not meant for the stage; and, despite its cleverness and the ability of the numerous performers, one cannot say that a fair proportion of the fun got across the foot-lights. The other pieces—"The Conference," by Delphine Grey, and "Pan in Ambush," of which an actress, Miss Marjorie Patterson, was the author—are the sort of things for production by such a society with a view to seeing their acting value, which, unfortunately, was not very great, though there is some merit in the idea on which each is based.

It would be rather interesting to know the early history of "The Joan Danvers." One wonders whether Mr. Frank Stayton started with the violent melodrama situations, and then chose the "Younger Generation" atmosphere as an environment; or did he begin with the study of family life and introduce the violences for fear of its becoming monotonous? Certainly the blending of the amusing study of middle-class Bristol folk with the violent drama is not very nicely contrived, and there is a clumsiness of workmanship surprising in a playwright of some experience. What most people in the theatre spoke or thought of as the Stanley Houghton scenes are very good, apart from the fact that the young people are somewhat incredibly self-conscious in their frequent references to "your" and "our" generation; and old Mr. Danvers is an excellent picture of the dourly religious man, unscrupulous in business



MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN,
Wearing the new fashionable "Eclair" gown, which is notable because it is entirely without fasteners. It is made by "Maurice," 43, South Molton Street, W.

on a work-day. Really, whatever you may think from a critical point of view, the play is interesting throughout, and even becomes thrilling when old Danvers displays himself as a murderous scoundrel and has a fit on discovering that his wicked plot is likely to cause the death of his own son. But oh! what a lot of improbabilities before we got to it, and how purely conventional the last act with the family in a state of awful uncertainty, though we, merely from a knowledge of the class of play, knew exactly what was going to happen.

Miss Horniman is very well served by the company that she has brought to the Duke of York's, and it is to be hoped that their labours have proved successful. Mr. Herbert Lomas has quite a big chance in "The Joan Danvers" as the old man, and his performance was altogether admirable until we came to the passage where he is worked up to a wild passion, and finally falls into a fit; here, despite real cleverness, he failed to reach the full pitch. The part of his wife, a sort of buffer between father and children, is charmingly drawn, and was played beautifully by Mrs. Tapping. Miss Evelyn Hope acted with skill and touching sincerity as the chief rebellious daughter. Miss Muriel Pope was quite amusing as the saucy younger sister.

"Tiger's Cub" is, I understand, an effort by an English dramatist to outplay the Americans at their own game, and produce a full-blooded drama of life out West even more strenuous and exciting than those that have come from the States. On the whole, Mr. George Potter, who is now serving in the trenches, is successful. If you leave your sense of humour, ideas of common-sense, and logic in the cloak-room, and merely take with you into the auditorium the desire for thrills and fun, you get "the goods"; whilst in the matter of picturesque language the new piece almost "takes the cake"—how pale our English slang beside the Alaskan variety! Except the young English hero, customary simpleton of melodrama, the rather tiresome baby, not yet articulate, a French priest, and a Redskin, nobody opens his mouth without saying something wildly figurative and suggestive of journalism and

(Continued overleaf.)

Manfield
& SONS

FIELD BOOT
(Norwegian type).

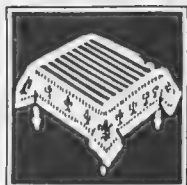
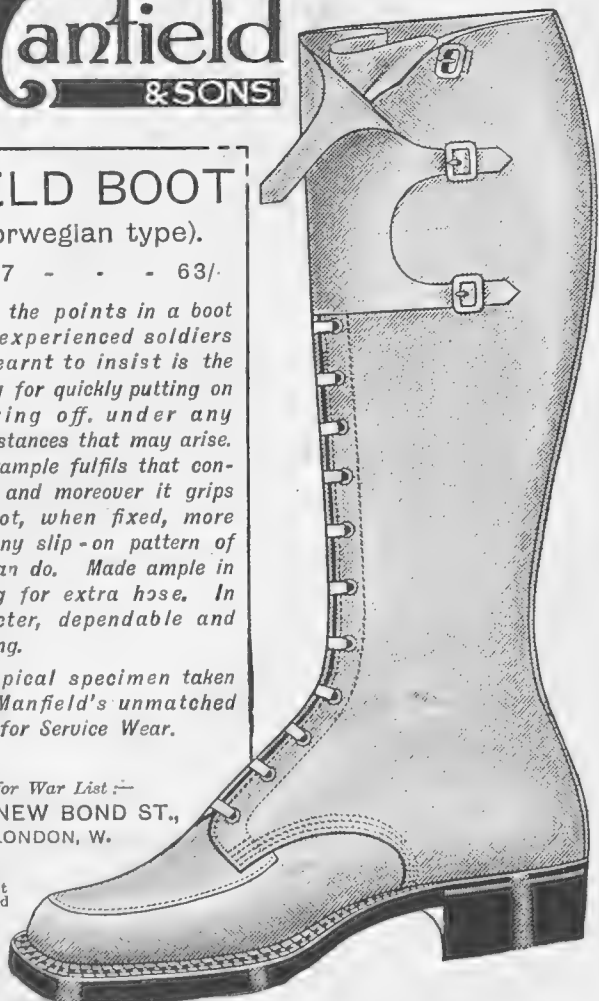
L.O.17 - - - 63/-

One of the points in a boot which experienced soldiers have learnt to insist is the facility for quickly putting on or taking off, under any circumstances that may arise. The example fulfils that condition, and moreover it grips the foot, when fixed, more than any slip-on pattern of boot can do. Made ample in fitting for extra hose. In character, dependable and enduring.

A typical specimen taken from Manfield's unmatched range for Service Wear.

Write for War List:—
125, NEW BOND ST.,
LONDON, W.

Branches
throughout
London and
United
Kingdom.



Our Green Book of Damasks sent free to prospective purchasers. Price list and cuttings sent post free upon request.

The purity
and whiteness

of Robinson and Cleaver's Irish Linens are recognised the world over. By using the purest of materials and by bleaching in Nature's own way these linens are given a life far beyond those that are hurriedly bleached. Their economy is undoubted.

TABLE LINEN.—No. G 83.—Superfine Double Damask Table Cloths, suitable for square table. Pattern, Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle Freston Border, with Centre, size 2 by 2 yards, 18/6; 2 by 2½ yards, 23/2; 2 by 3 yards, 27/9; 2 by 3½ yards, 32/5; 2½ by 3 yards, 47/-; 2½ by 3½ yards, 43/2 each. Dinner Napkins to match, size 1½ by 1½ yard, 37/6 per dozen.

BED LINEN.—Linen Sheets, size 2 by 3 yards, 18/-; 2 by 3½ yards, 21/-; 2½ by 3 yards, 22/10; 2½ by 3½ yards, 26/1 per pair. Linen Pillow Cases, size 20 by 30 inches, 24/-; 22 by 32 inches, 23/6 dozen. Filled Linen Pillow Cases, size 19 by 30 inches, 27/6, 35/-, and 39/6 dozen.

Robinson & Cleaver
38, Donegall Place
LONDON BELFAST LIVERPOOL

ASK FOR



The LANCET says: "We found that the statements made in regard to the merits of this paper are correct. The paper, at any rate, is free from injurious or irritating substances, is smooth, and, while firm, becomes soft and apparently soluble like thin rice paper in contact with water."



If you are not using "NOVIO" TOILET PAPER you are not using the BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL. Costs but little more than the cheaper makes, and the ROLLS CONTAIN MORE THAN DOUBLE THE QUANTITY.



SOLD EVERYWHERE In Rolls, Packets, Cartons, by all Chemists, Stores, Grocers, and Stationers. Made in ENGLAND by ENGLISH FIRM employing ENGLISH LABOUR. Wholesale only of the Sole Makers, Chadwick Works, 26, Grove Park, S.E.



CARTONS

ROLLS

PACKETS

ANTISEPTIC·THIN·SOFT·STRONG & SILKY

THE HAIR, TEETH & SKIN

Preserved and Beautified by using Rowland's Toilet Articles.



ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

The best Preserver of the Hair; it is the best tonic and dressing for ladies' hair, and should always be used for children. Also sold in golden colour for fair and golden-haired ladies and children. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

is the finest dentifrice; removes all impurities from the teeth, imparts to them a brilliant polish, prevents and arrests decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. 2/9.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

Allays all irritability of the skin, removes redness, roughness, &c., cures and heals all cutaneous eruptions, imparts a softness and whiteness to the neck, hands, and arms, unattainable by any other means. Sizes, 2/3 and 4/6.

Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"

139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

TIME EASILY READABLE
IN THE DARK.

GUARANTEED
TIMEKEEPER.

9-ct. Gold
£5 10s.

Solid Silver,
£2 10 0

18-ct. Gold,
£8 10 0



WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH,
WITH LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

Section showing Damp
and Dust-proof Front
and Back Unscrewed.

Immense numbers of these Watches have been used and have proved their reliability during the present campaign. Having a large stock, Wilson & Gill do not purpose raising their prices, notwithstanding the War Tax.



SMART HAT to wear with
tailored Suits, in pedal straw,
simply trimmed with petersham
ribbon and metal studs. In
navy, nigger and
black. Price - - 30/-

DEBENHAM
& FREEBODY

(Debenham's Limited).

Wigmore St., Cavendish
Square, London, W.

Try a
COLMAN'S
MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application
to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.



**OMAR
KHAYYAM**

The finest scent
in a
simple bottle.

A Favourite Fragrance

3/3, 5/9, 12/6, 23/6
per bottle,
in dainty box.

Sold by
all Chemists
and Stores.

Wholesale: H. BRONNLEY & Co., Ltd., London, W.

IT'S THE DIRT THAT IS IN



not the dirt that is ON that
spoils the complexion. Soap
and water remove surface
dirt only. OATINE gets
down into the pores and re-
moves the dirt embedded
there, hence its success—
to prove this, rub OATINE
on the face and wipe off
with a clean towel when
particles of black will be
found on the towel.

In white jars, 1/1½ & 2/3.
Ask for—

Oatine
FACE CREAM

GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS.



MAJOR RICHARDSON'S
SENTRY DOGS (Airedales),
as supplied Army in France, 5 gns.
POLICE DOGS (Airedales),
for house and personal guards,
5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.
BLOODHOUNDS from 20 gns.;
pups, 5 gns.
ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX,
IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups,
2 gns.
GROVE END, HARROW, Tel. 423

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY

LIMITED.

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents,
&c., should apply to the above Agency in
all matters dealing with arrangements for
reproducing Illustrations, Photographs, &c.

Sole Agents for "The
Illustrated London News,"
"The Sketch," &c.

10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

The Whisky for Connoisseurs

TUCKEY'S
Ten Years Old
Pure Malt Whisky
per 48/- doz.

Case Free and Carriage Paid.

Soft, Mellow, Old Pot Still Scotch
Whisky. Sample Bottle, post free,
4/6

The "Lancel" says:
"It is well adapted for dietetic
purposes owing to its purity and
quality."

Chas. Tuckey & Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. W.), 3, Mincing Lane, E.C.



Exterminated by
"LIVERPOOL" VIRUS

RATS

No Danger to Animals.
NO SMELL.
In Tins baited for Rats
2/6 & 6/-; for Mice 1/6.
Of all chemists, write
particulars: Dept. E.

EVANS BONS LESCHER & WEBB Ltd.
55, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

(Continued.)

American humourists. And sometimes the phrases are vigorously funny and make you laugh. But the play is not all talk: there was hardly a minute when a fight seemed improbable, and in the second act we burst into the real employment of knives and guns; whilst the third has a trial of the hero for murder before a tribunal of miners, in which ropes and knives and revolvers were flourished. Mixed up in it all is heaps of love-interest concerning the golden-hearted young Alaskan girl, who seemed to be rather a threatening bride for a hero who had been to the 'Varsity, particularly seeing that he became the owner of a gold-mine that really had gold, and seemed likely in the future to take his bride into civilisation, where even a golden heart would be a poor set-off against a habit of saying "Oh, hell!" on small provocation. On the first night the audience simply "ate it," to use the bloodless cant of our stage, though there was one stern critic who shouted out "Rubbish!" at the end, and was quickly howled down—of course, I do not mean howled down by the dramatic critics. None of us have howled audibly since Mr. Tomlin protested on the first night of "It's Never Too Late to Mend"—we merely howl with our pens. Possibly the passages which remind one of scenes in Mr. Maugham's able play, "The Land of Promise," are a trifle indiscreet for this class of

work, and sometimes the play drags a trifle; still, on the whole it is a remarkably good specimen of highly coloured melodrama. Miss Madge Titheradge played the heroine with great sincerity and no little power—indeed, she seems better suited by it than by the Society ladies whom she generally represents. Mr. H. A. Saintsbury was extremely good as the noble Redskin, dear to all of us when young. Mr. Charles Glenney was called upon to be repulsive as the ruffian who married the heroine against her will, and he certainly did his duty, though his humour was a trifle laborious; Hanks Bloss—there's a name!—otherwise "The Tiger," was played very effectively by Mr. Sam Livesey; Mr. Ambrose Manning amused the house by his performance of the Sheriff; Miss Frances Dillon, otherwise "The Red Rag" from Dawson City, gave a pathetic picture of the betrayed woman; and, of course, Mr. Basil Gill made a picturesque hero.



"ROMANCE" BURLESQUED IN "SHELL-OUT": BELLE ASHLYN
AS MISS DORIS KEANE.

Charles Stanford. Mr. Hugo Rumbold points out that he "set" the play in the scenic sense, and arranged the dresses.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Wandering Fires. Pelham Webb. 2s. 6d. net (Hollings.)
G. K. Chesterton: A Critical Study. Julius West. 7s. 6d. net (Martin Secker.)
A Book of Belgium's Gratitude. 5s. net. (The Bodley Head.)
From the Triple to the Quadruple Entente. Dr. E. J. Dillon. 5s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Melba's Gift-Book of Australian Art and Literature. Published in Aid of "The Belgian Relief Fund." 3s. net (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Lieutenant and Others. By "Sapper." 1s. net (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Morphy's Games of Chess. Philip W. Sergeant. 5s. net (Bell.)
A Modern Columbus. R. G. Knowles. 7s. 6d. net (Werner Laurie.)
The Fascination of Belgium. L. Edna Walter. 1s. 6d. net (Black.)
Leyli: A Romance of the Ægean Sea. W. Forbes Leslie. 6s. net (King.)
Life and Nature Studies. Hume Nisbet. 5s. net (Gay and Hancock.)
What Germany Thinks. Thomas F. Smith. Ph.D. 6s. net (Hutchinson.)

FICTION.

- Abnegation. Mrs. Stuart Menzies. 6s. (Long.)
The Key of the World. Dorin Craig. 6s. (Long.)
First Fruits. M. Durant. 6s. (Long.)
The New Dawn. George Wouil. 6s. (Long.)
Harmony Hall: A Story for Girls. Marion Hill. 6s. (Long.)
Ursula's Marriage. James Blyth. 6s. (Long.)
The Confessions of a Wife. Re-told from Her Letters and Diaries, by A. C. L. 1s. net (Simpkin, Marshall.)
Because of Phoebe. Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)
The Man Who Knew All. Marie C. Leighton. 6s. (Long.)
Sam Briggs, V.C. Richard Marsh. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)
The Fortunes of Garin. Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)
The Heart of the Hills. John Fox. 2s. net (Constable.)
Some Further Adventures of Mr. P. J. Davenant. Lord Frederic Hamilton. 3s. 6d. net (Nash.)
Among the Ruins. Gomez Carillo. 3s. 6d. net (Heinemann.)
The Pageant of Dickens. W. Walter Crotch. 5s. net (Chapman and Hall.)

DALY'S The George Edwardes Production **BETTY**
EVENINGS at 8. MATS. WEDS., THURS., and SATS. at 2. 323rd Performance.
Winifred Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, Lauri de Frece, Donald Calthrop, C. M. Lowne,
and G. P. HUNTLEY. Box Office, 10 to 10. Telephone, Gerrard 201.

STRAND. **MR. WU,** **POPULAR PRICES.**
MATHESON Every Evening at 8.30.;
LANG Matinees, Mon., Wed.,
supported by Thurs. 2.30.
Miss Lillian Braithwaite. THE MERCHANT
OF VENICE,
Mats., Tues. and Sats. 2.30.

EMPIRE THEATRE. FOLLOW THE CROWD.
ETHEL LEVEY, ROBERT HALE, JOSEPH COYNE.
Fay Compton, Blanche Tomlin, Violet Englefield, Kathleen Murray, Violet Blythe,
Tom Walls, Roy Royston, Charles Stone, Larry Ceballos.

PALLADIUM, Argyll Street, W. **CHARLES GULLIVER,**
MANAGING DIRECTOR. The best entertainment at the Most Comfortable Theatre
in London. Two Variety Performances daily, 6 o'clock and 9 o'clock. Matinees Daily, 2.15.
Variety. Admission from 1s. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s.

BODY VERMIN.

A SAFE and simple cure and preventive. "SANITAS ANTI-
VERMIN PASTE." The best gift for the soldier at home or abroad. Price per
tin, 9d. Write for details and sample to "SANITAS" COMPANY, LTD., Locksley Street,
Limehouse, London, E.

New Life For Your Hair In Cuticura

The Soap to cleanse the scalp of dandruff, crusts and scales, the Ointment to soothe and heal itching and irritation. Nothing just like these fragrant, super-creamy emollients for the skin and scalp.

Free Sample Each by Post

For free sample each address post-card:
F. Newbery & Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London. Sold everywhere.

SOFT WHITE BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Are a silent expression of
refinement,
A few drops of
ESS-VIOTTO

once or twice a day ensures this.

1/3 - 2/6 - 5/- PER BOTTLE.
Of all Chemists & Stores:

If unobtainable locally, sent
on receipt of Postal Order by

H. BRONNLEY & CO., LTD.
ACTON VALE, LONDON, W.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 15s. 1d. (or including Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.
Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 10d.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 13s. 8d.
Six Months, 16s. 3d. (or with Christmas Number), 17s. 5d.
Three Months, 8s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 9s. 4d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.
Three Months, 9s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

The Regent St House of PETER ROBINSON LTD.

LONDON, W.

White Sale

Feb. 21 . . to . . March 4

This important event offers some wonderful money-saving opportunities in all kinds of white goods. The values in children's wear are specially noteworthy.



R.S. 79.E. Pretty Hand-embroidered Cambric Frock ... 8/6

R.S. 80.E. Suit for little boy—coloured linen Knickers, white haircord Blouse. Smocked in rose or saxe ... 15/9

R.S. 81.E. Fine Nainsook Robe, hand-made and embroidered ... 23/9

R.S. 82.E. Spotted Net Frock, lined Silk, frills edged Val. lace. 18 in. size ... 21/9

R.S. 83.E. Smock in pink or white Crêpe-de-Chine. 18 in. size ... 18/9

R.S. 84.E. Romper in white cotton, embroidered with blue or pink; also in blue and pink embroidered white. 18 in. size ... 5/-

WHITE SALE CATALOGUES POST FREE

The Regent St House of Peter Robinson

NEW SPRING BLOUSES At Popular Prices

Designed and made in our own work-rooms.

DAINTY BLOUSE, in pure Silk Crêpe-de-Chine, entirely hand-made, trimmed with hand-veining, box pleat in front finished with hand embroidery, muslin turnover collar and cuffs. In pink, grey, lavender, white, champagne, and black.

21/9

Also in good quality Japanese Silk, 18/9.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value



Prime beef and vegetables in little cubes—add boiling water, that's all!

British
Made

IVELCON

British
Made

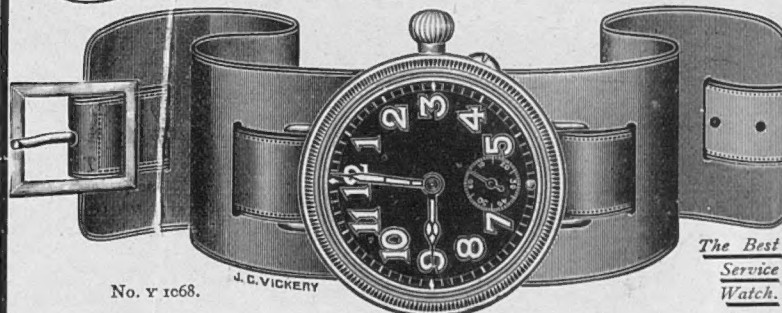
6 cubes 6d.; 12 cubes 1/-; 50 cubes 3/6 From Grocers and Stores

SPECIAL OFFER: Send in twelve lids from 6d. or six lids from 1/- tins of Ivelcon for a free set of music (six pieces). 5,000 sets given away to the FIRST 5,000 APPLICANTS. Address lids to St. IVEL LTD. (London Depot), Battersea Park, S.W.

J.C. VICKERY.
177 to 183
REGENT ST.
LONDON
W.

Their Majesties Jewellers
Silversmith & Drawing Case
Manufacturers

Illustrated Price List of
NOVELTIES AND ACTIVE
SERVICE REQUISITES
post free on application.



No. Y 1068.

J.C. VICKERY

Vickery's Perfectly Reliable Active Service Wrist Watch, Luminous Hands and Figures. Screw Case, splendid timekeeper, with Wide Strap, which gives great support to Wrist. Sterling Silver, £3 3 0. Solid Gold, £6 6 0

Wide Wristlets only, to take own Watch, 3/-



“Now, will you promise

to send me news of yourself every day, and some Kenilworth Cigarettes every week?”

Kenilworths are the most soothing and seductive cigarettes imaginable.

Just tear open a Kenilworth and look at it—though it's a pity to waste even one! Look at the tobacco inside. Experts say that it is the “find” of the century in cigarette tobaccos—so perfect is it in flavour, so exquisite in aroma.

And see how beautifully the Kenilworth is made—with

every long shred of that wonderful golden Virginia leaf laid evenly lengthwise, just as it should be. No lumps. No dust.

You will find that Kenilworth Cigarettes compare favourably with the most expensive brands you can buy in Bond Street, yet they only cost 1/- for 20.



PRICES.—1/- for 20, 2/4 for 50, 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box, post free.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers or Sailors abroad, specially packed in airtight tins of 50, at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

Postal Address: 10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

COPE BROS & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL & LONDON.

Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes.



WHERE TO WINTER. MONTE CARLO 1915 - 1916.

CASINO OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Afternoon and Evening **CONCERTS**, with Select Orchestras of over a Hundred Performers, under the direction of MM JEHN, GANNE, and LAUWERYS.
SPECIAL OPERA SEASON, organised by M. GUNSBURG, in February, March, & April.
Important **BALLETS**, supported by the leading Artistes from La Scala at Milan, and from the Russian Imperial Academies.
COSTUME AND FASHIONS CONGRESS, TENNIS, GOLF, ALPINE EXCURSIONS.
VARIED AND CONTINUOUS ATTRACTIONS AND AMUSEMENTS.

RENOWNED THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT.

Every information from the "INTERNATIONAL RIVIERA AGENCY," 71, Regent Street, W.

PAN YAN The World's best PICKLE

Composed of the choicest Vegetables, the Finest Fresh Fruits and Rare Spices. "Pan Yan" converts the plainest fare into a delicious Meal.

"Pan Yan" also makes a number of Special Dishes. Recipe Book will be sent on application.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN TWO SIZES AT POPULAR PRICES.

MACONCHIE BROS., LTD., LONDON.

Foster Clark's

The worry and expense of providing Soup as a first course has been completely overcome by the introduction of Foster Clark's Soup Squares. They make instantly a variety of the choicest Soups by simply adding water. Each 2d. packet makes 1½ pints of rich, nourishing Soup. Seven kinds supplied.

Oxtail Mulligatawny Mock Turtle
Lentil Green Pea and Pea (Tomato 2½d.).

If served at every meal you will enjoy your meals more, get greater nourishment, and require less meat.

SAMPLE POST FREE.—If you cannot obtain of your Grocer send 2d. in stamps for sufficient to make 1½ pints of rich, nourishing Soup, or send 1/- for six varieties to Foster Clark, Ltd. (Dept. 29), Maidstone.

SOUP SQUARES

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

OSCAR SUTTON & CO PRESTON



USE THIS TO PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

Then you can, without the expense of drugs, retain your health and strength. Refuse cheap substitutes, which are always worthless. If you have any difficulty in obtaining our goods, we will supply you.

OSCAR SUTTON & CO., PRESTON.

Excepting the Government Insurance Act, everything about our works is BRITISH.



EVANS' PASTILLES

Immediately soothe the throat and allay irritation

Of all Chemists, in 1/3 Boxes.
Sole Manufacturers—
Evans Sons Leecher & Webb, Ltd.,
LIVERPOOL and LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS. 12 GOLD MEDALS.

HARRY HALL "THE" Military & Mufti Tailor & Breeches Specialist. 207, OXFORD ST., W., 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

"THE" HOUSE FOR OFFICERS' SERVICE DRESS FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR OR TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS ACCURACY & FIT GUARANTEED.



UNEQUALLED
VALUE, FIT, &
STYLE, FOR
SERVICE DRESS
AND MUFTI.

The Ideal
'HALLZONE'
Perfect
TRENCH COAT.
Guaranteed Wind
and Waterproof.
Interlined through-
out with Oil Silk.
From 24/12/6
MODEL COAT
Carr. Paid. Chest
measure over vest
and height.

PATTERNS POST FREE.
MUFTI SUITS & OVERCOATS from 63/-
(As sold elsewhere from 4 & 5 Gns.)
Only Maker of 'HALLZONE' Ideal 'GOLD MEDAL'
21/- RIDING BREECHES
(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere for 24/8 Gns.)
Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form.
VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS,
SERVICE DRESS,
BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day

THE UNIVERSAL HAIR CO

TRANSFORMATIONS in
any style 30/-,

or Extra Full of Hair

2 and 3 Guineas.

THE ONLY MEASUREMENT
REQUIRED IS THE CIRCUM-
FERENCE OF
THE HEAD.

Switches
of PURE
HUMAN
HAIR.

18 ins. 2/9
22 ins. 3/6
26 ins. 5/-
28 ins. 7/6
30 ins. 12/6
32 ins. 15/6
34 ins. 21/-

A PATTERN OF
HAIR AND
REMITTANCE
MUST ACCOMPANY
ALL ORDERS.

NEW PUFF CURLS (AS SKETCH)

SOFT & DAINTY EFFECT.
Price according to Size required.
4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 15/6, 21/-

For GOODS ON APPROVAL see
our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,
Post Free on Application.

THIS EFFECTIVE TOUPET

Price only ... 21/6
Smaller Size ... 15/6

TWISTS OF PURE
LONG HAIR (AS SKETCH)
Price according to Length
From ... 15/9

Light Grey
and
Pale Shades
Extra.

80/84, FOXBERRY ROAD, BROCKLEY, LONDON, S.E. (ESTD. 1895.)
West End Branch: No 1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.

NOW ON SALE:

THE "LAND & WATER" EDITION
OF**RAEMAEKERS' CARTOONS**

In Fortnightly parts.

Price 1/- net.

Complete in 26 parts.

IN COLOURS.*The British Press on***RAEMAEKERS****THE TIMES.**

"It is a significant fact that the great cartoonist of the war is a neutral.

"And so powerful has been the effect of his cartoons in Holland, and in Europe, that the Germans have accused him of violating, with his pencil, the neutrality of Holland.

"It has fallen to Mr. Raemaekers, by reason of his genius, to express at this time the feelings of the civilised world.

"These cartoons of his, speaking already for posterity, will themselves affect the judgment of posterity. They will be evidence to future generations of how the German conduct of the war struck those who were not their enemies. They are, as we have said, the judgment of a Judge who has seen the crime committed; and the Germans themselves are quite well aware of this."

MORNING POST.

"He stands alone, unrivalled, a great journalist with a gift that gives him authority beyond the power of words. . . ."

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"But these are the very things that we must force ourselves to gaze upon and to realise, the things that must burn themselves into our very hearts, so that they may be steel to strike and rock to endure to the very end."

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"Louis Raemaekers has nailed the Kaiser to a cross of immortal infamy. . . ."

STANDARD.

"To put it shortly, Mr. Raemaekers is up against, not Germany, but the devil."

TRUTH.

"... His cartoons form an artistic as well as a historical document, the value of which can hardly be over-estimated."

DAILY MAIL.

"Mockery and laughter almost screams in these drawings. But it is a laughter from which true merriment has fled. It seems to represent the scorn with which the world regards the pretensions of a branded race, the amazement with which it watches the emissaries of the Kaiser approach unshamefaced councils where human standards still prevail, trying to pass themselves off as human beings."

EVENING STANDARD.

"There is so much that is true in the artist's pencil that it is little wonder that the people of Germany have squirmed under his pictorial punishment, and have done their best to suppress him."

DAILY NEWS.

"There has never been a more terrible condemnation of the spirit of a nation than that to be found in the cartoons in which Mr. Louis Raemaekers, the famous Dutch artist, gives us his vision of the German war policy in being."

DAILY CHRONICLE.

"Had I my will I would gather them all into a book, print a million copies, and scatter them through the neutral and belligerent world."

MANCHESTER COURIER.

"... They constitute a history of the war that will be permanent and, moreover, one that serves as an indictment on the Germans for ever. . . ."

THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

"One could wish the entire collection might have been purchased for the nation."

DUNDEE COURIER.

"The war which has not yet discovered or made a hero, has, in Mr. Raemaekers, discovered, and possibly made, a very great artist indeed."

*"IT'S FATTENING WORK."*

Specimen illustration from the "Land & Water" Edition of Raemaekers' Cartoons.

Description of the work.

Published Fortnightly in One Shilling parts, and complete in 26 parts. Each part contains 12 Cartoons in Colours and 12 chapters by the most eminent writers, dealing with the events portrayed by the cartoons; on art paper, produced in a manner worthy of the Artist.

ORDER FORM.

To "LAND & WATER," EMPIRE HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON.

Please send me, as published, the complete set of 26 parts of **RAEMAEKERS' CARTOONS**, for which I enclose 30/-, to include packing and postage.

NAME

ADDRESS